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# ROTARIAN

SEPTEMBER ~ 1928

**The New Kingdom of Leisure**

*By Philip Whitwell Wilson*

**Militarism and the Schools**

*By Ernest Fremont Tittle*

**I Have a Small Town Complex**

*By James H. Warburton*

**Rotary as a World Influence**

*By Arch C. Klumph*

**Street-Keeper**

*By Norma Patterson*

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# They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like

other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

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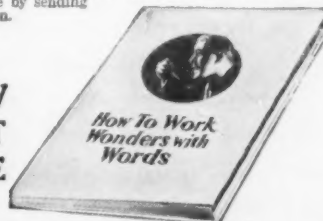
There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important high-salaried jobs men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's

desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

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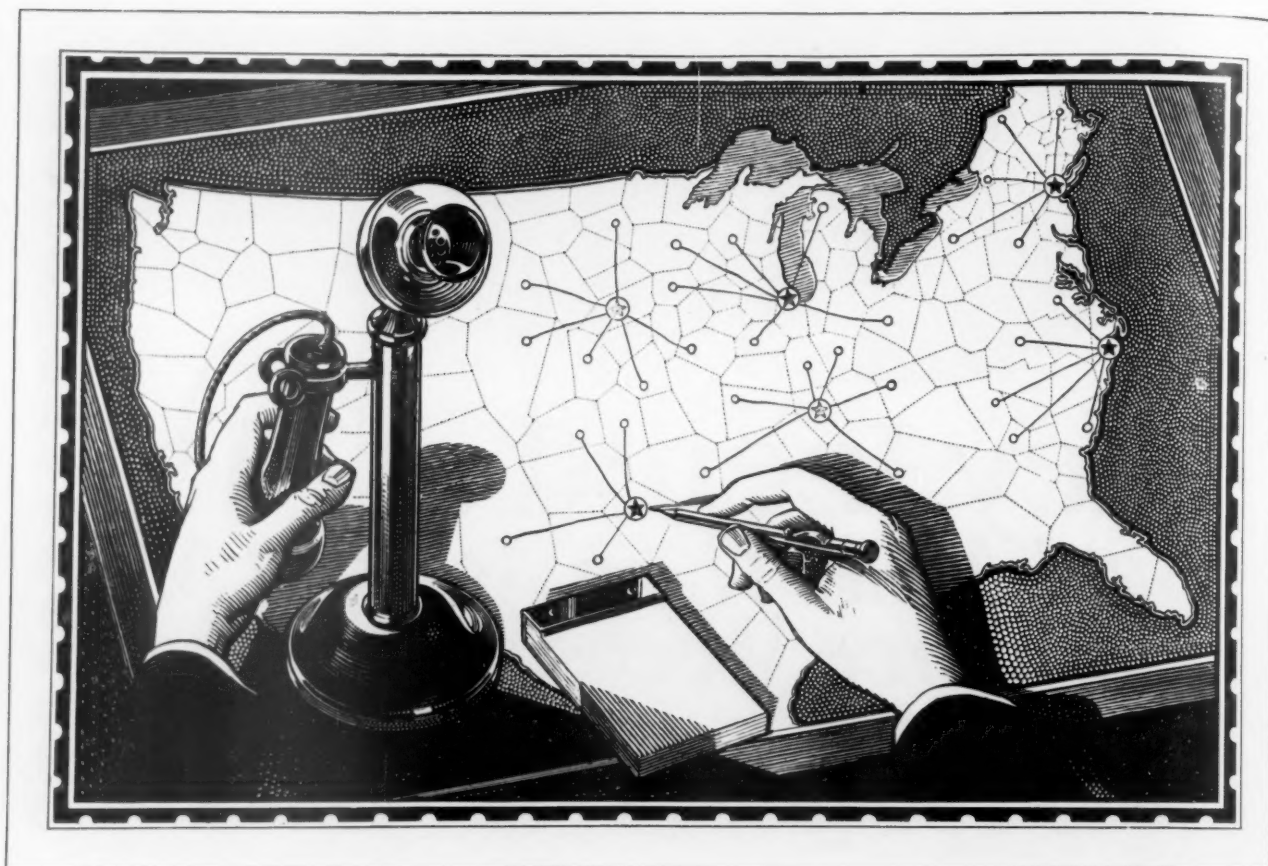
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## Just Among Ourselves

AMONG the compensations of the editorial career, one must list the thrill of vicarious experience. For some reason folks regard the distant and often anonymous editor as a sort of confidant. Consequently the editor gets glimpses of life that enrich his own experience immeasurably. Then too, the editor learns to scent "the story behind the story" and to read into many of the manuscripts that come to his desk something more than the author put there.

It is this sort of thing that keeps the arts so alive, and of course the editor has here no monopoly. But sometimes we wonder if his readers get as much interest? We wonder, for example, how many people have the pleasure of hearing things read aloud at home? Here is an easy way to render print more dramatic—and incidentally to train the reader in those inflections which constitute the real charm of the cultured person. Reading aloud even has its commercial use. In the cigar-making trade, for instance, the workers subscribe to the salary of a reader who entertains them with a dramatic recital of the latest news while they perform their highly skilled labor.

All of which boils down to the statement that often in modern life we do not make the most of the immediate opportunity.

Speaking of the immediate opportunity we have been greatly concerned over ways and means of making THE ROTARIAN more effective in the de-



Ernest Fremont Tittle—who writes on "Militaryism and the Schools."

velopment of Rotary's Sixth Object. The pictures of famous landmarks (pages 18 and 19) which we have used in a slightly different way this month, are a part of our answer. Other features will come later. However, we shall appreciate any suggestions as to other ways in which THE ROTARIAN can point the way to a better international understanding. We have often thought that it would be an interesting experiment, and one which might prove to be very much worth while, to have a

VOLUME 33

NUMBER 3

# THE ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by Rotary International

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Other Features and Departments: Frontispiece—"Hungarian Shepherd" (4); Rotary Personalities (22); Editorial Comment (30); Rotary Events (31); Rotary Club Activities (33); Among Our Letters (55).

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## In the October Number



### *Incorrigible Old Age - - - -*

*By Thomas Arkle Clark*

Written by the Dean of Men of a great American university, this article expresses a belief that the elders are often capable of taking a much larger share in the family work and play than their juniors believe. Is there a conspiracy to shelve the seniors?

### *What We Read - - - -*

*By Allan Monkhouse*

An interesting account of what is being read in British homes, with some speculations as to the extent and meaning of the current exchange of British and American literature. Until we know the literature of another nation we cannot expect to appreciate that nation.

### *And So to Luncheon - - - -*

*By Dwight Marvin*

The editor of a newspaper in Troy, New York, expresses some views on Rotary meetings by reporting his experiences at a Rotary luncheon. He does not moralize but you can draw on your memories of clubs visited and see how they compare. You might even draw a few parallels at the next meeting of your home club.

### *A New Spoke in the Wheel - - - -*

*By Ruth Crawford*

International friendship is necessarily based on international understanding, and it is for the promotion of this latter that an Argentine Rotarian is busy on a project for the exchange of Argentine-North American culture. This experiment will be watched with interest, not only in purely intellectual circles, but wherever ready sympathies are found.

### *A Fool Father Confesses - - - -*

Like many another parent he had expected that a wealth of affection would automatically give him a fine boy. When the son was on the verge of dismissal from his school, the father woke up. Now there is less coddling but a great deal more mutual respect, and the boy is doing well in his studies.

### *Rotary Leaven in Europe - - - -*

*By Elsie Carlyle Smythe*

Written by an Australian woman who has devoted much time and energy to this matter of international friendship. How her work was furthered by Rotarians, and what she believes Rotary is doing in Europe, makes an interesting story. The use of music as an international language also comes in for attention.

*These and many additional interesting and worth-while features coming in your magazine for October*

great international museum which should be devoted to the presentation of contemporary life in various countries. The motion-picture has tremendous possibilities in this connection, but at present they are far from being utilized to their fullest extent. Such a museum could be of inestimable value—especially to those who rely more on visual than on any other form of education.

### *Who's Who—In This Number*

**Dwight Marvin** has been editor of the Troy, New York, "Record" since 1915. He is a graduate of the Yale Law School. He has long been active in social and philanthropic work, has held a number of offices in his local Rotary club, and was a former chairman of the Publications Committee of Rotary International. **Ernest Fremont Tittle** is pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Illinois. During the war he served in France, participating in the St. Mihiel offensive. He is a trustee of Ohio Wesleyan University, of Northwestern University, a contributor to many magazines, and a member of the Rotary Club of Evanston. **Philip Whitwell Wilson**, British author and lecturer, is an occasional contributor to the columns of this magazine and needs no introduction to our readers. **James H. Warburton** is sales-manager of the Marietta Chair Company of Marietta, Ohio, and has served as vice-president of his local Rotary club and as president of the Marietta Advertising Club. **Allan Ross Macdougall** is an American who has lived for many years in Paris. He is an editor and translator in addition to being a contributor of many articles to newspapers and magazines.

**Arch C. Klumph** of Cleveland, Ohio, was president of Rotary International in 1916-1917. He is connected with extensive lumber interests and is known for his activity in music and the drama. His article is adapted from an address which he delivered before the American Peace Society at its centennial meeting in Cleveland. **Paul W. Horn** is president of the Texas Technological College at Lubbock. He has addressed Rotary and other conferences, and has written for newspapers and magazines in addition to preparing high-school and college textbooks. **Frank L. Burton** who wrote one of the prize-winning articles on the Minneapolis convention is the principal of the Benjamin Franklin High School at New Castle, Pa. **James H. Drynan** whose article is also a prize-winning contribution on the recent Rotary convention, is advertising manager of the Moose Jaw "Times," published at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. **Roy Ronald** is publisher of the "Republican" of Mitchell, South Dakota, and this year is chairman of the Vocational Service Committee of Rotary International.

**Paul King**, referee in bankruptcy, of Detroit, Michigan, a former chairman of the Publications Committee of Rotary International, is chairman this year of the Extension Committee of Rotary International. **Charles St. John** is a member of the editorial staff of THE ROTARIAN. **Robert Sparks Walker** of Chattanooga, Tennessee, is editor of the "Southern Fruit Grower" and is a well-known writer and lecturer on horticultural topics. **Norma Patterson** hails from the state of Texas and is a graduate of Peabody Institute.

## The friend-maker

ADVERTISING plays no favorites—it makes *friends of you and for you*. It is constantly offering kindly assistance by introducing worthy merchandise to you. It tells you of the best foods; of the newest time and labor-saving devices; of opportunities to save money by making certain purchases at certain stores on specified days. It even points the way that enables you to keep yourself physically fit and mentally alert.

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*Read the advertisements every day. They help to make homes happier and more contented.*





### HUNGARIAN SHEPHERD—By Stephen Zador

*A pencil drawing done specially for THE ROTARIAN by  
Mr. Stephen Zador, a member of the Rotary Club of Budapest.*

# Variety

By DWIGHT MARVIN

THERE are three hundred and sixty-five ways of cooking an egg and thirty-five ways of serving a potato, yet the average cook knows but half-a-dozen of each.

Variety is the spice of life. If husbands were treated to something new occasionally; if wives were permitted by their husbands that divine element of surprise that is a woman's right, there would be less complaint about the drudgery of married life than there is today. Even cooking can be made a sport if it jumps the groove of custom. Golf is interesting because every stroke but the drive is unique. Baseball fascinates because the game never repeats itself. Even hiking is worth while, for the very country changes from day to day.

It is superb for a family to sit around the lamp in the evening; but if the sitting is a seven-days-a-week session it makes conversation stale and destroys the human attractions of old and young alike. An American author asserted that he found a new gusto in his work if he could spend a night in a sleeping car. It was different from his comfortable bed. There is nothing like a day in a neighboring city to sweep the cobwebs out of the brain. There is no adventure quite like a journey across the seas to brush away provincialism and open up a new vista of knowledge. The variety of professional and business life one sees represented around the tables at a Rotary luncheon makes each meeting a fresh adventure. Life is a beautiful thing if it means "new friendships, high achievement and a crown;" it is a pitiable mockery if it is packed into a narrow compass and kept there.

Why was the insanity rate among farm women a generation ago so high? Why did lighthouse-keepers go crazy in rooms without corners? Because the mind and the eye demand variety. Eve ate the apple of Eden because she was satiated with the dreary round of permitted pleasure. Half of our vice and crime today originates in the natural craving for something different. A life full of opportunity for achievement,

particularly adventurous achievement, is pretty nearly proof against degeneracy. It is among rich do-nothings and poor drudges that we find social and moral evils, not among the normal folks. A vacation is a spiritual, as well as a hygienic, necessity.

VARIETY—the wisdom of life. No heaven of endless antiphonal music will suffice; we must have something to do. No world of eight hours daily at a machine will satisfy; we must have Saturday afternoon and Sunday. No life of three meals and work between will keep mankind happy; we must have dreams. No round of comforts and conventions will do; we must have love.

It is all a matter of attitude. The woman who prefers to cook her eggs four minutes every morning will find no poetry in the operation. She will drudge because by nature she is a drudge and lacks the imagination to escape. But she who can shirr, fry, poach, scramble, devil, coddle, bake, and boil an egg and do a score of other tricks that the drudge scorns never will be a drudge.

A child never runs in ruts. It takes years of habit to reach the dead level. The way to keep young is to fight for variety. The way to grow old is to lose it. The fact of the universe is the infinite variety of God. By accepting His gift there is a daily glory in the world and the spark of jest and joy need never go out.

*"Forenoon and afternoon and  
night; forenoon*

*And afternoon and night; fore-  
noon—and what?*

*The empty song repeats itself. No  
more?*

*Yea, that is life: Make each fore-  
noon sublime,*

*Each afternoon a psalm, each night  
a prayer,*

*And Time is conquered and thy  
crown is won."*

# Militarism and the Schools

*Does it discipline the mind as well as the body?*

By ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE

**R**ECENT years have witnessed an astonishing increase of military training in the civil schools of the United States. Since 1913 the number of colleges and universities, high schools and normal schools offering military training has increased from 57 to 233, and the number of students enrolled for military instruction has increased from 29,979 (1916) to 119,914 (1926). The number of officers and enlisted men detailed to give such instruction has mounted from 85 (1914) to 1,809 (1926), and the cost involved for the federal government has risen from \$725,168 (1910) to \$10,696,504 (1925).<sup>1</sup>

This extraordinary advance of military influence into the nation's school system is viewed by many persons with profound disquiet. Why? Because they are opposed to any kind or degree of military preparedness? No. Because they fail to see with Brigadier-General Gignilliat that "America's tremendous man-power reserve is useless unless, when needed, it could be put in charge of men who are acquainted with at least the fundamentals of leading the green troops who would be called to the colors in an emergency?" No. Why, then? Because they realize that it is possible to militarize the mind of a nation. Could a peace-loving people ever become a war-glorifying people? The nation of Goethe and Kant did become the nation of Ludendorff and Von Tirpitz! By getting control of an educational system, you can, in a generation or two, radically alter the spirit and outlook of a people.

Now, it is frankly admitted by our military authorities that the objective of military training in civil schools is not solely the development of embryonic officers. In the Infantry Journal of October, 1924, occurs this significant statement by Major William M. Edwards: "The Defense Act has two distinct functions. The first is so obvious as to need no comment, that of training officers and men for the reserve force; its second function, while not less important, is less apparent and, therefore, sometimes overlooked

Although there is no universal military training in the United States comparable with that in some other countries, many Americans sincerely doubt the value of what training is now available. Is it a real risk? How far can a nation safely go in training for uncritical obedience? Can a nation depend on man-power that is patriotic but untrained in certain other respects? These are some of the main questions raised.

entirely, that of training the popular mind to the necessities and needs of defense. The Junior R. O. T. C. fulfills the first mission indirectly, and for the second, I believe, there is no greater or better agency at our command. The high-school boy in his sophomore year is in his most plastic and enthusiastic stage." (Italics mine.) Only indirectly, according to this officer, does military training in high schools have any military value; its chief value is the production of enthusiastic advocates of military preparedness. Would our military authorities refuse to acknowledge the hope that America's next generation will approve the idea which this and every preceding generation of Americans has rejected, namely, that there should be universal compulsory military service in time of peace?

**S**PONSORS of the Reserve Officers Training Corps earnestly and sincerely insist that there is absolutely no danger to the mind of youth in the sort of military training that is now being given in American high schools and colleges. Such training, they claim, has, on the contrary, great value as a builder of character. But the majority of our educators appear to agree with Professor William H. Kilpatrick of Columbia University who says, "Military training in our schools and colleges, if it is to be defended at all. . . must be defended from considerations strictly of military preparation for war. Claims for moral training, or for citizenship, or for health training have little or no validity. . . . As for

morals and citizenship, these, in order to be learned at all, have to be learned by practice in situations much like those in which they have to be applied. . . . The conditions of such practice the training ground supplies most inadequately, and the drill ground practically not at all."

Many observers of military training have noted the fact that the discipline acquired on the drill ground does not carry over into the normal fields of civilian life. It is not, after all, self-discipline. It is discipline under restraint, and when the restraint is removed, moral laxity often follows. Military training, moreover, fosters a type of obedience that is wholly uncritical. In the Junior R. O. T. C. Manual, a patriotic parent is made to say, "I want my boy to do his bit. I want him to willingly submit to all sacrifices. I don't limit them. I expect him to become efficient. I expect him to obey orders. That means all orders. Wrong orders as well as right orders." An unquestioning obedience to orders, "wrong orders as well as right orders," is, of course, absolutely essential in an army; but it is hardly a desirable preparation for an intelligent discharge of the duties of civil life. Of soldiers it may properly be said:

Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die;

but when civilians do not "reason why," there is the devil to pay in corrupt municipal politics and dangerous national policies. At least one army officer has had the honesty and courage to say, "Good citizenship is an excellent thing, and so are religion, filial affection, and brotherly love. But they are not the ends of an army. An army exists to kill men, when ordered, in the nation's quarrel, irrespective of its justice. It should train its men to that single end. If we object to any of our citizens thus specializing on murderous and un-Christian activities, we should abolish the army. If we want an army, we should recognize it for what it is. We should not tell lies about its being a school for citizenship."

There is this, also, to be said about the sort of military training that is

<sup>1</sup> See "Militarizing Our Youth," by Roswell P. Barnes, with an introduction by John Dewey; a carefully documented pamphlet published by the Commission on Militarism in Education, 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City.

<sup>2</sup> See "Uplift Hits the Army," published in the American Mercury, June, 1925, and reprinted in the Army and Navy Register, July 25, 1925.



now being given in our schools and colleges. It fosters the belief that war is inevitable and that all attempts to abolish it are senseless and futile. The commandant of the R. O. T. C. in one of our universities wrote in the college paper, "If a pacifist is one who believes that war is unnecessary and preventable, then pacifism becomes a menace." In a pamphlet entitled, "Our Military Policy," by P. S. Bond, Lieutenant Colonel, Corps of Engineers, United States Army, occur such statements as these:

"In the interval between the Mexican War and the Great Rebellion, our army performed its peace-time duties, but it fell far short of making necessary preparation for the great war that was coming—that is always coming."

"As to human nature, it is as God ordained it and it does not change. . . . The mainsprings of human nature are self-preservation and self-interest, in a word, selfishness—the very touch of human nature that virtually makes the whole world kin."

"In this world of ours, force is the ultimate power."

This pamphlet, owing to many protests against the philosophy which it expounds, is no longer "official"; but it is, nevertheless, still widely used in schools and colleges which have Reserve Officers Training Corps. Another publication which student soldiers are urged to read is *The Army and Navy Journal*, which contains in its issue of July 2, 1927, the following pronouncement concerning M. Briand's suggestion that war between France and the United States should be out-

lawed forever: "The proposal to outlaw war is one of those projects which appeal especially to a nation seeking an object that is not revealed on the first presentation. To the pacifist and the unthinking, the phrase has a pleasant tinkling sound for announcing the fruition of that wonderful idea of the Brotherhood of Man of which Tennyson sang so sweetly half a century ago. But to the hard-headed practical statesman who is unwilling to jeopardize the vital interest of America, who is confronted by the specific declaration of the Constitution reserving the war-making power to Congress, and who is indisposed to permit the United States to be drawn into foreign entanglements, it has a harsh raucous note which cries 'Danger!' We doubt if the Administration will negotiate any such pacts, and if it does—well, the Senate will dispose of them as it did of the League of Nations."

What we are witnessing today in the educational system of the United States is not merely an attempt to in-

<sup>4</sup>Quoted in "Militarizing Our Youth."

troduce military training, but an attempt to introduce an interpretation of history which says that war is inevitable, and a philosophy of life which is cynical through and through. This is the reason why the extraordinary advance of military influence into our schools and colleges is viewed with alarm by many thoughtful persons.

THEY agree with Professor Harry Allen Overstreet, head of the Department of Philosophy in the College of the City of New York, when he says, "To lure our children and our young men with the glitter and the glory of military life; to tickle them with military titles, is dangerous enough. But to make them sceptical of the great effort that is at last being made throughout the world to find a more decent way of international life; to lead them to join in the sneers at those who work for a peace that shall be permanent; to fill their minds with base fears of their neighbor peoples; to bring them up suspicious of every concerted effort after political and industrial betterment—this is profoundly and tragically

to change the mind of America."<sup>5</sup>

In twenty high schools military training is now compulsory. In eighty-six colleges and universities it is required for at least the first two years. It should be said, however, that for compulsory military training the federal government is not responsible. Land-grant institutions, which include some of our great state universities, are required by their charters to offer military training along with courses in agriculture and the mechanical arts. But, according to a decision rendered in 1923 by the Commissioner

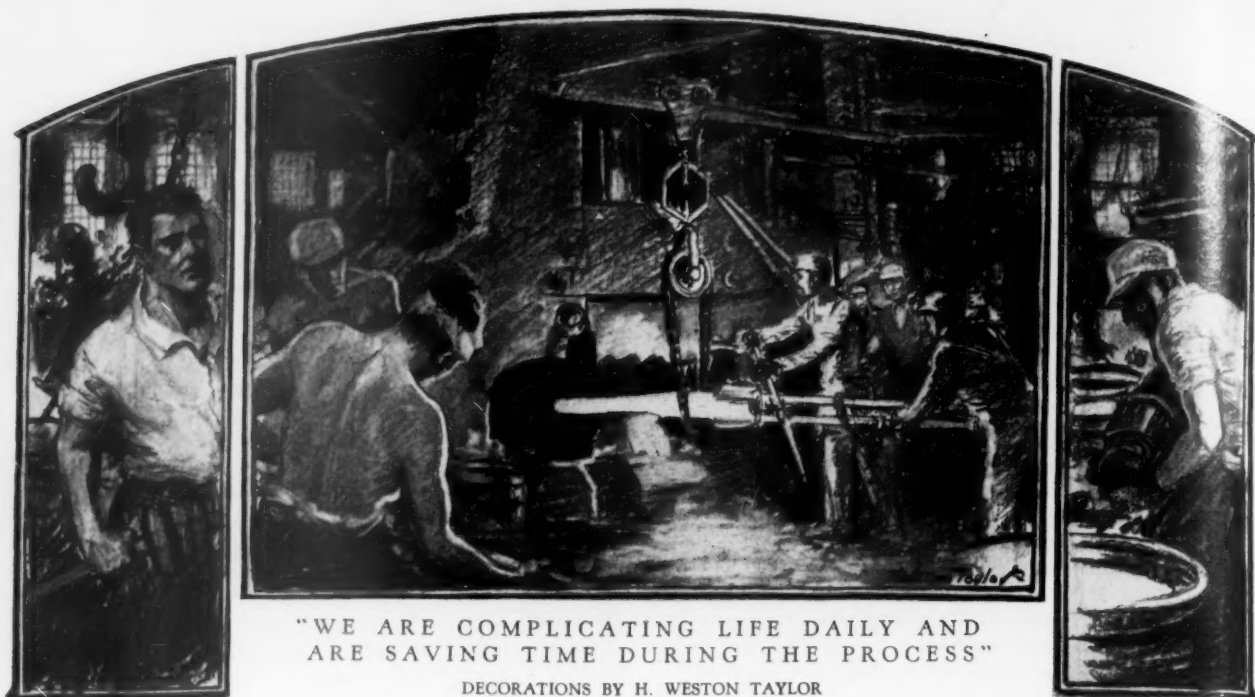


"FOR EVER AND EVER?" — By J. N. Darling

<sup>5</sup>See *Purdue Alumnus*, May 3, 1926. Quoted in "Militarizing Our Youth."

<sup>6</sup>See *The World Tomorrow*, October, 1926.

(Continued on page 45)



"WE ARE COMPLICATING LIFE DAILY AND  
ARE SAVING TIME DURING THE PROCESS"

DECORATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

# The New Kingdom of Leisure

*After all what is the real measure of life?*

By PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON.

**I**N the progress of man, it is often the most far-reaching changes that attract the least attention. "Still waters run deep" and we do not notice the trend of the stream which bears us onward.

Today, there is thus proceeding a silent revolution which, if it continues, will transform the race. It is an economic revolution; but it is not the revolution in economics that, as a rule, we talk about. In this revolution, there is no challenge to property or private enterprise. There is no suggestion that capital, never more widely distributed than it is today, will surrender to the commune. Yet there is, none the less, a profound movement, affecting the very basis of society.

During the nineteenth century, Socialists denounced what they called wage-slavery. Men, women, and children were to be seen, toiling ten, twelve, fourteen hours a day, often for a mere pittance. As Tom Hood said in his *Song of the Shirt*, it was—

Work, work, work! . . .

In poverty, hunger, and dirt.

There are still countries and areas where a sweating system survives.

But throughout the world as a whole, and especially in English-speaking countries, there is extending stead-

ily an adoption of the short working day. In many industries, the standard is eight hours. Some industrialists, following the late Lord Leverhulme, advocate two shifts of no more than six hours apiece. The tendency is thus definitely to reduce the hours of labor and to increase the hours of leisure, and this tendency is world-wide.

Hitherto, we have talked of "the leisured classes," and the assumption has been that the many must work in order that the few may play. That there are still idle rich, just as there are still lazy poor, is true enough. But, taken as a whole, the assumption, just stated, is obsolescent. Few wage-earners nowadays are as busy as the man of business has to be; and to be a multi-millionaire may be to work overtime. Indeed, it is the simple fact that, whereas the rich man frequently finds the day too short for his duties, the poor man sometimes finds the day too long for his relaxations.

The facts can be demonstrated by arithmetic. There are precisely 168 hours in any week. Let us see how those hours are allotted.

If the wage-earner works an eight-hour day for six days, and uses two hours a day for commuting, his livelihood costs him 60 hours a week. He

has 108 hours a week left for other purposes.

Let us suppose that he sleeps for 9 hours a night, or 63 hours a week. This leaves him with 45 hours in which he is awake and entirely free of all industrial obligations.

These hours belong absolutely to himself. It is true that he must eat. But eating may be and ought to be a form of recreation, and even if we allow 14 hours a week for meals, there are still 31 hours left. Millions of workers, men and women, have their evenings, their Saturday afternoons, and their Sundays entirely to themselves.

**H**ERE is a revolution in society far more comprehensive than any achieved at Philadelphia, Paris, or Moscow. It is not property that is distributed among the people, or sovereignty, but something that matters to us all more than either. The measure of life is, after all, not what a man has, not how he is governed, but how long he lives. No man is master of his life until he is master of his time; and it is this mastery of time that has been conceded to or won by the people.

Suppose it be the fact that employment is today monotonous. There is

further question how long it lasts. The worker need not be crushed by any machine that leaves him with two hours out of three in which, within the limits of the law, he can go where he likes, read what he likes, say what he likes, and do what he likes. The very machine, which imposes monotony within working hours, saves labor and secures added leisure outside working hours. It is a phenomenon, by far the most impressive of any yet recorded in the Twentieth Century. The conquest of the air by the aviator and the electrician is spectacular, but it is a mere detail compared with the conquest of the clock by the workman. In order to save time the ascetic in his monastery reduces life to its simplest terms. We are complicating life daily and are yet saving time during the process.

Never in the history of the world has the proletariat ever enjoyed an opportunity, so priceless as this, of achieving happiness. If the citizen fails to find a life worth living, he cannot now say that he has been denied the chance. The failure must be attributed to his own fault.

Hence, it is no longer enough to discuss at industrial conferences and Rotary luncheons what goes on inside the plant. Most of the workers' lives are now lived outside the plant. The design of a factory, its ventilation, the conduct of foremen, salesmanship, production—all these are important. But even more important is the use, the abuse, the non-use of leisure. Work is not, if ever it was, the whole of life, and it is the life that lies beyond the confines of work that is today suddenly enlarged.

ALL of us are now familiar with the theory that, by distributing high wages, business creates its own market and so stimulates production. Leisure is almost, if not quite, as important to consumption of commodities, as is money. The radio, the gramophone, the movie, the magnified newspaper—all these are time-consuming, not time-saving devices, and they have developed into vast industries, employing hundreds of thousands of workers. Indeed, the argument may be pressed in a hundred directions. It is the time that people, especially young people, have to spend together

which determines their style of dress, their preference for flowers, their display of jewelry, their dependence on chocolates, the latest hat, and even the still more recent complexion. It is leisure that relieves, not only the mind, but the purse.

If, then, the hours of labor were to be suddenly prolonged, if there were to be two or three evenings a week demanded of the workers by the employers, not a few firms, manufacturing and distributing, would feel the result. Unless wages were increased, there would be depression and unemployment.

The idea that the rich alone lavish money on leisure, is thus a fallacy. In days gone by, doubtless, it was the rich who developed expensive pursuits like the hunt, shooting, polo, yachting, and the race course; and despite the war, it is likely that more will be spent on these avocations than ever before.

But it is today the turn of those who, until the dawn of the century, would have been called the poor. On leisure, they are spending sums of money which, in the aggregate, far surpass the wildest excesses of the nobility and the merchants of any period.

One illustration must be enough. During the last ten years, the treasures of art imported by the United States from Great Britain, have been valued responsibly at an average of \$25,000,000 a year. It is a figure that includes, not only paintings but furniture, statuary, porcelain, and all such articles of a rare beauty. Broadly, these treasures are bought by the rich.

But the poor also have their pictures; and what are they prepared to pay?

The revenue of the silver screen is stated to be a billion dollars a year. It is forty times the value of art imported from London. It means that the organized purchasing power of the many is now far in excess of the individual purchasing power of the few.

Financially, it is the many who have

become omnipotent. The book that makes a profit is not the book that sells at a high price. It is the book that sells in large numbers. A seat in a legitimate theater costs four times as much as a seat in a movie. But the star in a movie receives many times the salary which is paid to an actress on the stage. By means of advertising and other arrangements, the many can demand precisely what amusements suit their taste. They can never be outbid by the few.

It is thus no stretch of the truth to say that man has now to learn a new lesson. He has been able to produce wealth and to distribute it. How is this wealth to be used? He has been able to spare time. How is the time, so spared, to be spent? Even the gain in health, recorded during the last fifty years, is but a first step. For what is health save a normal existence?

Eastern observers of the West like Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore are convinced that we have missed the way to the best in life. In drama and fiction, there is a note of pessimism. I am an optimist. I do not think that we have yet arrived at life as life should be, but that is only because each generation, as it arises, can only take one step at a time. Of initiative, there has been, in these days, fully enough. But initiative has been concentrated so eagerly on going and getting and making and doing that there has been little of it to spare for the deeper enterprises of the soul itself, worship, admiration, meditation, thinking, prayer, and praise.

In our leisure, our wills are too ready to be latent. We take our ideas from lectures. We surrender our eyes to the movies. We silence our voices in order to listen to music from the air which costs us nothing. We leave theology to the clergy. We think that books are best preserved, not in the home, but in a public library. In fact, we are quite ready to delegate our lives to others. But we do not make the effort ourselves to live

that life. Many people, devoted to the automobile, reduce life to mere movement. Others, addicted to golf, see in life a mere game. Golf and the car are among heaven's greatest blessings, but life should be more than these.

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"PLAY THE GAME YOURSELF"



# I Have a Small-Town Complex

—and, verily, I never expect to lose it!

By JAMES H. WARBURTON

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

**D**A M N these big-city taxi-drivers! The fellow who drove me here was on two wheels most of the way. Do you New Yorkers take your only long breaths when the traffic cop raises his hand? Maybe you people live just as long as we do out in the 'open spaces,' but I doubt if you get so much fun out of it as you go along. Pardon me, Mr. —, that isn't what I came here to say, but I just had to relieve my pent up feelings. . . ."

This was about what I said to a New York business giant several years ago as I entered his Park Avenue home and was greeted by him after a wild ride from my hotel.

The fact that I had never met the man before didn't matter—I simply had to explode before I could go on. He immediately grasped the mental state I was in and taking me by the arm led me to an easy chair and then sat down opposite me—then he, too, exploded. I don't recall ever having seen a dignified, middle-aged, successful man of affairs laugh so hard. He leaned back and roared. Then he apologized:

"Yes, indeed, I know exactly how you feel. I have had the same experience many a time. You see I am a product of the small town myself. In fact, I have never completely outgrown it and probably never shall." Then his mental gaze seemed to double back over years past and half aloud and half to himself, he said: "How I would love to be back there—those were the happy days."

I had gone to his home by appointment, to discuss a business proposition—the details of which are of no significance here—and naturally I had planned on conducting myself, as best I knew how, in city-man style and here the meeting had turned out so decidedly different. But the conference that followed proved to be one of the most



"We were a couple of small-town men met in a strange land, as it were . . ."

satisfactory of my experience. Instead of the formal, brief interview that I was prepared for my quite unique "approach" broke the ice for an honest-to-goodness back home pow-wow. We were a couple of small-town men met in a strange land, as it were; something not unlike a meeting in Paris of two lodge brothers from Kokomo.

This complex of mine is in favor of the small town rather than an aversion for big cities and all that's of the big city. I have, after years filled with hundreds of visits to the large cities, become more or less accustomed to riding with Hairbreath Harry Taxi driver and on roaring subways and clattering L's but I'll never—if I live to be a thousand—get rid of my small-town complex. It is inbred and permanently rooted. I was born with it, reared on it, and I will die the same way. The more I see of big cities the more I love my 16,000 town down on the Ohio river.

**M**ANY, many times during the years that my job kept me pretty much on the go, did my associates and friends call me "lucky" because I had the privilege of getting away and "seeing something." They frequently "smiled backwards" when I said that I'd much rather stay at home. There isn't anything that has caused me to appreciate my home town like going away for a week or more. The coming back has never ceased to produce a feeling of joy that more than outweighed the thrill

of going places, and seeing things. I am of the opinion that if all small-town folks could get away for a while; could spend a few weeks each year "doing" the cities, that they, too, would soon develop a small-town complex.

All this talk about the "greater opportunities in the big cities" is, to my way of reasoning, much overrated. Of course, to do big things in a big way one might agree that he should go

where big things are being done. But I've never been able to figure where I've been handicapped by growing up in a small town. The big things of the big cities are relatively no bigger than we have here.

Another thing, I've never encountered any particular difficulty in getting what I went after and seeing those whom I wanted to see whenever my job took me to the large centers. In fact, I believe I have always enjoyed somewhat of an edge on the city dwellers themselves. If I called on Mr. Big Business Man he seemed to automatically reduce his speed to conform to mine. Maybe it was imagination but it always appeared to me that he subconsciously said: "Here's a small-town business man. I must treat him courteously and allow him the time he wants for he would do the same for me were I to go out to see him."

And so very frequently have I found my man to be a transplanted small-town—was the case in the instance referred to in my opening paragraphs. Then, without exception, have I been accorded every consideration that normal man could ask.

Only twice during my eighteen years of quite frequent contacts with men of more or less prominence in big-city business and professional life do I remember meeting with unpleasant treatment. Once in Cleveland a prominent professional man refused to see me—he was too busy—but I have long since

to the blame for that to myself on the grounds that I failed to use the power "open sesame." And once, in Indianapolis, the head of a Washington Street manufacturing concern refused to shake my hand when offered. But I reminded him that it didn't cost a cent to be courteous and he rose from his chair and apologized.

Well, really, I've found big-city men to be human. Probably all it takes to break through their outer wall is a genuine smile and a hearty handshake from one of us small-town fellows who has been raised on the milk of human kindness: No, I don't mean to claim all the sweet dispositions for the small towns, for there are a lot of steel-eyed, frosty-exteriored, human crabs among small business men of our villages and towns, but my observation and experience lead me to the conclusion that when a small-town business man meets a big-city business man on fairly equal terms the meeting is pretty apt to be pleasant and frequently productive.

LET'S look into this "opportunity" question a little further: I know more about my own case than any other, so if I may be spared the accusation of being egotistical, I'll outline it briefly and offer it as being somewhat typical. As a matter of fact, I believe my experience to be quite representative of the composite young business man, of the small town, who has come up from the bottom and made a place for himself in his community. Thousands of such stories have been or can be told so I am not offering anything new in this particular. But what I am after is to lay down a concrete base for this small-town complex of mine.

I began my business career as a boot-black; then I advanced to the position of printers' "devil" in a weekly (weakly) newspaper office. From there I managed to climb step by step, slowly and in the face of reverses and considerable discouragement, both through school and business, until now at the age of forty I occupy the job of sales-manager in a business that has passed its seventieth successful year, is the second largest factory in my town, and is considered one of the "old guard" throughout the particular branch of industry of which it is a part.

To make the picture complete, I should add that I earned my own way in school and started on the long pull upward without any "pull" or a dollar's capital. It has always been a case of swim without a life preserver, or sink, for me. I preferred to swim. I had the good fortune (and I really

mean it just that way) to have been born into a poor home. My father was a hard-working immigrant and about the only early start he gave me was some good advice. He used to say: "Son, I want to see you become successful and my platform for you is that you always do the job that is yours the very best that you can and keep your eye on the man just ahead of you. Be prepared to step into his shoes when the time comes. But always wage a good clean fight."

When I look back over the thirty years that have past since I "kneeled at the feet of the mighty," shining their shoes, I do not, for a minute, have a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I look upon it all as a most fascinating game. I haven't reached the eighteenth hole by any means, but I have gotten part way 'round the course. In spite of considerable slicing, dubbing, going out of bounds and not holding my head still at times, I haven't piled up such a rotten score. It's true that I have been playing the amateur (small town) course but probably I wouldn't have done nearly so well on a professional (big city) course with my handicap. It is frequently argued that "ability will win anywhere it is found," and it will if properly applied, but still I believe that "contributing factors" play their part.

There is, admittedly, that possibility that if I had gone to a large city and had gotten a job somewhere in the line-up and had worked as hard as I have done and had kept my "eye on the ball" that I would now be farther along. But what's the use of dealing the "if"

deck? I, years ago, set out to make a place for myself and family in this little town that I call home. I believed that there were opportunities here, the equal of anywhere else; that the goal I chalked up for myself would be reached in proportion to my ability, honest effort, and perseverance.

My argument is that a man carves out for himself pretty much the kind of niche that he strives for, in keeping with his own limitations. The "conditions over which he has no control" are as a rule only temporary set-backs. He who has the will and ability to win will stage a comeback.

PERHAPS I am wrong in this conclusion, but I firmly believe that the young man who is without means or helping hands has a better opportunity of making the grade in a small town than in a large one. He surely has a better chance of presenting his "wares" to those who are apt to take more of a personal interest in him and give him his chance. I also believe that the competition in the "brain market" is not so great in the city of less than a hundred thousand as it is in one of the major cities. I have, also, always believed that if the young men who have gone from the towns and made outstanding records had stayed at home that there would today be fewer big cities and more medium-sized, prosperous ones and at the same time just as many big men.

I have had opportunities to go to the city. Some of the offers have been quite tempting but I am glad I have stood pat. I have many good friends and acquaintances among the successful men of the cities and whenever we have gotten right down to heart-to-heart discussion on the subject they

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"I turned my head toward the wall and cried for the first time since I had outgrown my crying days."

# The Bridge of Avignon

—it spanned the path of both king and pope

By ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

*Sur le pont d'Avignon  
L'on y danse,  
L'on y danse;  
Sur le pont d'Avignon  
L'on y danse tout en rond.*

**H**OW many childish voices have sung these words about the famous bridge? Of all the bridges in the world it is the most famous in the nursery and keeps company in the children's minds with that other famous bridge, the one of London that is eternally falling down and just as eternally being built up with such divers materials, as: Iron and brass, sticks and stones, needles and pins, and I know not what other combinations that may happen into the childish imaginations.

But the bridge of Avignon stands solid—at least in the song; in reality the greater part of it has already fallen down like that of London but instead of having the laborious task of building it up it stands there simply to be danced upon. It stands in the clear southern sunshine evoking Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth, and mediaeval merriment with lords and ladies dancing in a round.

*Les belles dames font comme ci. . .  
Les messieurs font comme ca. . .*

The story of the construction of this much-sung bridge as related in the "Acts of Saint Benezet" is surely one of the most fascinating in all the fascinating history of Provence.

It is said that in the year 1177 while the shepherd Benezet watched over his mother's flocks that were pastured on the mountains of Vivarais near the village of Villard, he heard mysterious voices one day. They called his name and he was sore afraid. But he was reassured when he heard one say:

"Be not afraid, my child, for I am the Lord who by a word created the earth, the sea, the sky, and all that in them is."

"And what will you with me, Oh, Lord?"

"You must leave your mother's flocks and go build a bridge over the Rhone."

"A bridge? Over the Rhone? But I know not where this Rhone is of which you speak. Besides I cannot leave my mother's flocks. And I have only three oboles in all the world. What shall I do?"

Bridges have played an interesting part in history for they were among the earliest mediums of communication. When to historic interest and beauty of design, we add the folklore dear to young hearts, it is easy to imagine how such a bridge as this at Avignon might serve to brighten the lives of youngsters born far from sunny Provence.

But the poor shepherd did not have to decide what to do for sometime later an angel garbed as a monk came and led him to the bank of the Rhone facing Avignon and then disappeared. With his three oboles Benezet paid a boatman to transport him across the river to the town. Finding his way to the bishop's palace he went boldly before his lordship and cried in a loud voice so that all might hear:

"Listen to me and know that Jesus has sent me here to build a bridge over the Rhone."

Disdainfully looking down his episcopal nose at the unkempt and ardent peasant the Lord Bishop of Avignon sent the importunate youth to the town Provost. There Benezet began again:

"Listen to me and know that Jesus has sent me here to build a bridge over the Rhone."

The seriousness of the little fellow amused the Provost and with a sly smile he replied:

"I will believe in your divine mission when you succeed in carrying to the water's edge the first stone for your bridge."

So saying he pointed to a huge block of stone that lay in the courtyard. It was so big that surely a team of Normandy horses could never have moved it. Benezet full of fervor and joy ran towards it, picked it up as though it were but a chip fallen from a mason's mallet, and carried it down to where the Rhone rippled the strand of Avignon. And all the while he praised the Lord, the Virgin, and all the Saints of Heaven.

The townfolks who saw this feat pro-

claimed it to the rest as miraculous. The Lord Bishop and the Provost both saw the hand of God in it. And even the Pope in Rome became interested. And so began the building of the famous bridge of Avignon. As Benezet went on with his work, offerings and indulgences flowed in and in the course of his labors he accomplished many miracles. The "Acts" already mentioned are followed by many depositions of those who knew the inspired shepherd-builder.

One of these depositions is by a certain Bernard Pelat who one day saw Benezet restore the sight of a blind woman who came on the bridge. But each time the woman attempted to leave the bridge her eyes closed again. So that in order to retain the sight miraculously restored she was forced to stay in service on the bridge.

For the continuance of his work Benezet recruited a company of men of good-will. They formed a corporation of Brother Pontiffs, and it was with joy that they were hailed by the dwellers on both banks of the river. For years these good folks had been terrorized by the ordinary watermen who often, instead of transporting them across the Rhone, ferried them like Charon across the Styx and thereafter profited from the goods and gold they had with them.

**T**HE Brother Pontiffs having taken the vows of chastity and poverty were not inclined to the criminal practices of their ordinary colleagues. Thanks to the devotion of this brotherhood the bridge of Avignon was the first one to be built over the Rhone. It had 19 arches and measured 900 meters long by 5 meters wide. It united Avignon with Villanueva in passing over the islet of Barthelasse. Crossing over it later one could go from the lands of the Holy Empire to those of the Kingdom of France.

The building of the bridge lasted eleven years and was terminated in the year 1188. But the saintly Benezet did not join in the rejoicings when the last stone was laid for he had already died in 1184. With great ceremony his body was laid in a chapel—dedicated to Saint Nicholas—that was perched between two of the arches of the bridge. It stayed there till the year 1674 when





The Bridge of Avignon, by Hedley Fitton, a contemporary British architectural etcher.—Reproduced by courtesy of the Albert Roullier Galleries, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

it was transferred to the church of the Celestines within the walls of the town.

Today all that remains of the bridge is three arches and the chapel of Saint Nicholas. In the Seventeenth Century a great storm destroyed all the rest. But the arches and the chapel as they stand in the Provençal sun under the eternally blue and limpid sky have a beauty of form and color—"color of dried leaves," said Stendahl—that attracts innumerable painters from all over France. I would say that with the harbor of Saint Tropez it was the most painted site in France.

In the early days also many artists came to see it. They followed in the train of the ambassadors, cardinals, and nobles who came in great pomp to the Papal Court from all the Christian countries. And not only from Christian countries. One of the most

gorgeous *cortèges* that ever passed over the bridge was that of the sixteen ambassadors sent by the Khan of the Tartars to Pope Benedict the XII. But the barbaric splendor and fantastic color of that *cortège* was outdone by the Castilian Embassy sent to the same Pope in 1340. There were one hundred Arab steeds led each one by a swarthy Moorish slave, and borne aloft were scimitars, shields, and twenty-four banners, all trophies of the battle of Tarifa.

Perhaps the most famous procession that the bridge saw was under the reign of Clement VI. This was the *cortège* of Jeanne, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence. She had assassinated her husband, they said, and was come "with retinue of many a knight and squire" to be judged by the Pope. Under the brilliant Provençal sky the Holy Father was very leni-

ent and accorded the fair and royal criminal a large absolution. As a penance the queen sold her judge the land of the town of Avignon which was then included in her lands of Provence. The price was 80,000 golden florins. But little enough as was the price, it seems that the astonishing lady forgot to reclaim the gold!

To close the era of high pomps and ceremonies the bridge saw the departure of Gregory XI and his court from Avignon. The fleet of gaily flagged boats slowly descended the Rhone bearing the Holy Father, the cardinals, the clergy, the chamberlains, and the guards far away from the ephemeral Avignon to the Eternal City of Rome and leaving deserted the great square palace with its massive walls that had seemed built for eternity. "*Sic gloria transit mundi*," sighed the waters about the pillars of the bridge.

# Rotary as a World Influence

*What contribution is Rotary making to world peace?*

By ARCH C. KLUMPH

Past President of Rotary International and Chairman of Rotary Foundation Committee

AT ONE of the large dinner meetings during the International Council gathering at Chicago in 1924 I was called to a table around which were seated a number of distinguished Rotarians from many parts of the world, among them being Charles Rhodes of Auckland, New Zealand and the founder of Rotary, Paul Harris. I found them discussing the question of the beginning of the Sixth Object of Rotary and the question was put to me—when was the Sixth Object adopted? My answer was that the spirit of the Sixth Object of Rotary began to function in 1912 when at the convention held in Duluth, Rotary changed from a National Association to the International Association of Rotary Clubs and there affiliated Rotary clubs from both Canada and Great Britain. Real intensive development of the Sixth Object began in 1918 with the establishment of the Foreign Extension Committee. The writing of the additional object and putting it into the Constitution was accomplished in 1921.

World peace has been a recognized ideal for centuries. Not an ideal of the visionary sort but a practical ideal, and during all this time there have been efforts, of one kind or another, for its accomplishment. But it is only during the past ten years that the field of agencies has so greatly broadened. Today the organized efforts are: first, by political governments, through their ambassadors, ministers, consuls, commissions, and religion through the agency of the church, peace societies of many varieties, all of which were undoubtedly well conceived, most of which are making progress, but a few of which have stumbled blindly into methods which make them more harmful than beneficial. Then came the League of Nations and the World Court, followed by a number of historic gatherings, attended by the leading nations of the world to consider the great problem of disarmament. I should like to express an opinion on this latter subject as it plays an important part in Rotary's ultimate decision in 1921 to make the problem of international friendship one of its principal activities and wrote into its Constitution the Sixth Object—"The advancement of

The elimination of war is a problem receiving more attention today than at any other period in the world's history. In this article are some proposals of what business and professional men can do to advance the cause of world peace, and in the article the writer reveals in part the technique employed by Rotary International in its contribution toward the promotion of goodwill and understanding.

understanding, good will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service."

I think all students of world peace agree on some program of disarmament, but there is a vast difference of opinion as to the degree to which it should be carried out. I believe in it, first as an economy, and when carried only to a proper, reasonable, and sensible degree, by which I mean, we should not forget that the world must continue to have a police force to carry out the law. Proper and practical disarmament means that it must have some limitations, for as Alice Ames Winter has so thoughtfully said, "Complete disarmament might well mean the destruction of our merchant marine, to prohibit the further development of aircraft, tractors, chemicals and so on, for to a large degree the instruments of war, are but the instruments of peace in the beginning." Today one of the most successful means of spreading good will among nations is by aircraft adventure, such as were so marvelously accomplished by Colonel Charles Lindbergh, by the late Captain Carranza, and all those other courageous men of the air who are adding such brilliant chapters to the history of aviation.

Now this same aircraft might be utilized instantly, to drop explosives and poisonous gas on large cities destroying millions in property and wantonly murdering thousands of innocents.

Disarm if you will the battleship and cannon, there are always available enough instruments and weapons in peaceful pursuits to immediately plunge humanity into a cruel and bloody war. Today as we are well aware science is the dominating element in the transformation of our ways of doing things and just as surely, if we have another war, the fighting peoples would lay their hands on the latest achievements in physics and chemistry, in electricity and in mechanics, as their tools of destruction. Thus it becomes a matter of whether we shall use these great sources of power and progress, all the finest developments of our age, to help build up, and to better life, or shall we use them to destroy life?

It is up to us. It depends wholly on the spirit of man. It becomes a moral issue; we may take our choice.

I BELIEVE most of us are of the opinion that there should be no disarmament of defense, until there is first a disarmament in the minds of men of those impulses which urge attack, for the only disarmament that shall be permanent is that which disarms men from those elements so prevalent in human nature, such as, suspicion, jealousy, hatred, envy and revenge, at least to the point where we can forever agree to adjust all disputes and differences by peaceful means such as arbitration or by law. Friendship and understanding must be first established, and for this, there are few better-equipped pieces of machinery than Rotary International. Woodrow Wilson in an address delivered in 1917 touched the keynote of this whole problem when he said, "The only cement that will hold this world together will be the cement of friendship." However, it is a most easy thing to sound a keynote and to prescribe euphonious phrases, but the big problem is, how to bring about this permanent and lasting friendship between peoples. This is the crux of the whole situation. Friendship and fellowship between the peoples of different nations, peoples who are separated by race, color, religion, dress, ideals, and customs, is not a thing which can be treated lightly or brought about by simple methods. It requires far more than

eloquent speeches, delivered at an occasional gathering. It must become a scientific study, in the hands of sensible and sober-thinking people. Rotary has developed plans, a new technique so to speak, and is busily engaged in putting them into action. I will enumerate only a partial list of Rotary's Sixth Object activities.

First I point to the fact that the Rotary clubs in 2,856 cities and in forty-four nations each hold a weekly forum meeting. Is it possible to sense the opportunity afforded and the full value of these forums? Listen to the words of the great commoner, Abraham Lincoln, in his famous debate with Douglas at Ottawa, Illinois, in 1858, when he said, "Public sentiment is everything, with it nothing can fail, without it nothing can succeed. He who moulds public sentiment goes deeper and renders a more important service than he who enacts statutes or renders legal decisions, for he makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be enacted or executed." Rotary is today one of the world's greatest vehicles for the moulding of public sentiment, in the furtherance of friendship leading to everlasting peace through its weekly gatherings.

Secondly, each Rotary club has a Sixth Object Committee, which is charged with the responsibility of bringing before the membership constructive addresses, which lead to friendship and understanding, and to do any and all things within their power, according to the opportunities afforded by the community in which they live. In certain cities Rotary clubs have made it a practice to entertain at

luncheon newly arrived emigrants from other nations, making them feel that they are among friends, the influence of which is reflected back to the country from which they came. Again, Rotary clubs near the border line of other nations frequently hold inter-city meetings to develop friendship and fellowship. This practice is becoming popular with the Rotary clubs of Europe where distances are so short and the opportunity and necessity so great. These gatherings are bringing together groups from France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Austria, and other countries.

Thirdly, Rotary is endeavoring to bring about a free exchange of scholarships for the youth of many nations. This has been accomplished with much success between Mexico and the United States. The Rotary clubs of Switzerland are promoting a plan for an exchange of college graduates in various countries, who will be given employment for a specified period of time, thus enabling them to gain a full understanding of their peoples and their problems along with their university education.

ROTARY is cooperating in a program for the exchange visits of sons of Rotarians in one country with the families of Rotarians in other countries. Recently the sons of twenty-five members of one British club were entertained in the homes of twenty-five French Rotarians and the visit later returned.

During the summer of 1927 a party of one hundred and one school and college boys, traveling under the direction of Dr. Zven V. Knudsen, of Boston,

himself a Dane, were entertained in Denmark in one hundred and fifty Danish homes. The trip was known under the name, "My Friend Abroad." The invitations were extended through Rotary clubs in Denmark through the American Club of Copenhagen. The boys visited schools in session, talked to the students on American life and activities. They took part in Danish games and taught them the American game of baseball. A number of American Rotary clubs assisted in defraying or paying entirely the passage of the boys who had been chosen to make the trip.

Last year the Rotary Club of Mexico City selected one hundred Mexican boys, who were invited as guests in the homes of Rotarians in Texas. This year a return visit is being planned. Only a few days ago in the city of Cleveland, Mr. James R. Garfield, formerly secretary of the interior in the cabinet of President Roosevelt, who had but recently returned from Mexico, made the statement, "There is no single influence in the City of Mexico which is bringing the two divergent viewpoints of the Mexican and American business man to a common one as does the Rotary club." And then again, it is well known that in many of the countries to the south Rotary has helped to remove the barriers which separated the social lives of the native population from that of the English-speaking peoples from the north.

Rotary's next contribution is in the holding of a great international convention each year. Originally these gatherings were largely in America, but as  
(Continued on page 47)



This photograph was taken during the reception given by the former American Ambassador to Chile, the Honorable William Collier (recently resigned), in honor of the Rotarians attending the first conference of the Rotary clubs of the Sixty-fourth District (Chile and Bolivia), which was held at Santiago. Standing directly behind the first two men, front row, is Joaquin Lapeley, the new governor of the Sixty-fourth District. Standing at his left are: Donato Gaminara, former governor of the Sixty-third District, comprising Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay; James H. Roth, special commissioner of Rotary International (both are wearing glasses); and Dr. Eduardo Moore, third vice-president of Rotary International. Former Ambassador Collier can be identified as the man with the bow tie, just in front of the second pillar.



## How Well Do You Know Your World?

HERE are the first of a series of pictures of celebrated landmarks. Many of them will seem familiar to you, some may not. All will help you to appreciate the culture of your own and other lands. Perhaps as you visit various Rotary clubs you may find opportunities to see these centers of interest as well, for most of them are in countries where Rotary is already established. The appreciation of a country's historic and cultural backgrounds and the living of Rotary's Sixth Object are closely related.

*Arranged by Arthur Melville*

*(The answers will be found on page 40)*



Photo: Publishers Photo Service.

1. This cathedral is 700 years old, and is one of the finest examples of Gothic architecture in Europe. It houses interesting relics and a huge bell—said to be the largest in actual use. Can you identify the cathedral?

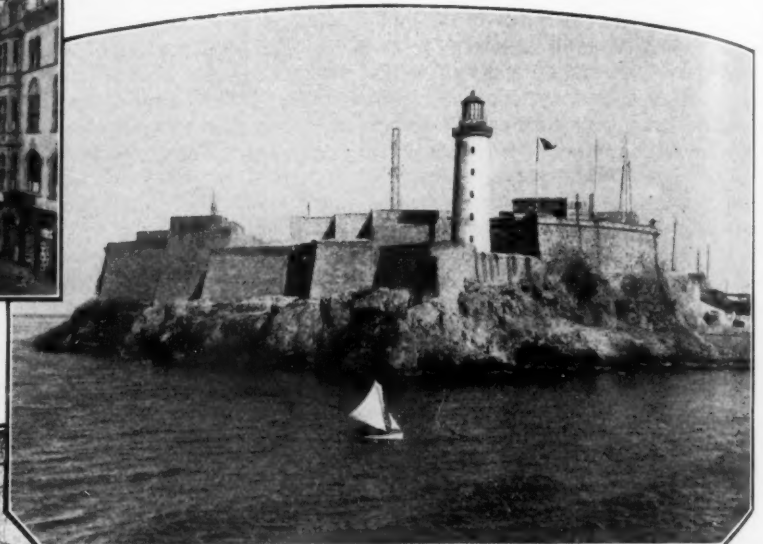


Photo: By C. P. Cushing, from Ewing Galloway.

2. This castle forms one of the principal defences of a large island. It was first erected about 1590 and later reconstructed. Because it guards a famous harbor it has known many sieges. Do you know where it is?



Photo: Publishers Photo Service.

3. Here is a building of another sort. It was designed by a French architect but is not in France. Much of its cost was borne by an American philanthropist and it has served many leading nations. Can you remember how?

4. This statue stands on an international boundary and commemorates arbitration reached after long dispute and threats of war. Do you remember the events of 1902?



Photo: By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway.

5. This stately monument stands in a capital city and is the shrine of a much humbler building that commemorates the pioneer virtues of a great American. This should give you a clue.



Photo: Publishers Photo Service.



Photo: Ewing Galloway.

6. This 160-foot arch is a reminder of both the victories of a military genius, and the soldiers of later wars. It stands in a star-shaped place whence radiate many beautiful avenues. Perhaps you have seen it first hand—or, in the news-reel?



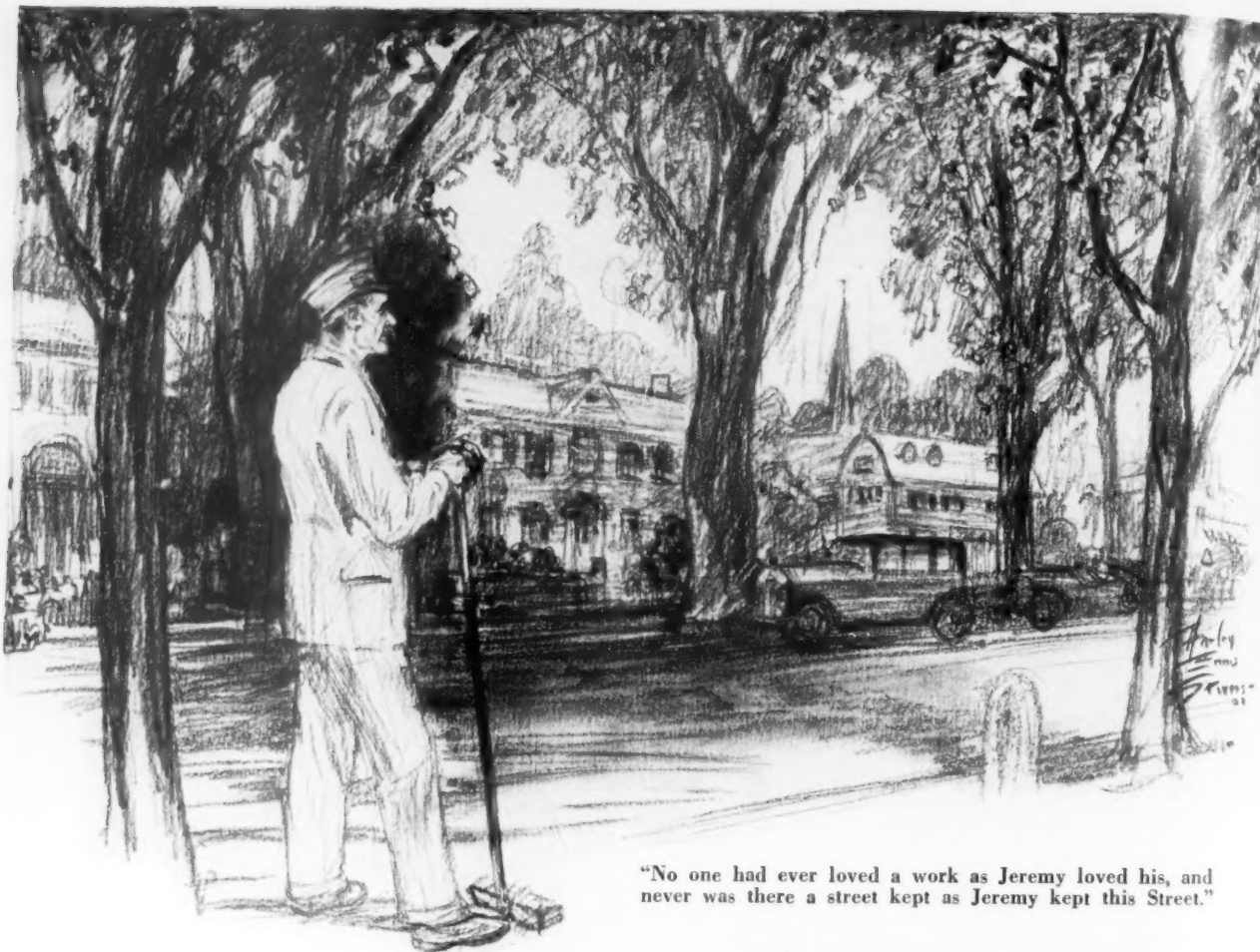
Photo: Publishers Photo Service.

Photo: By Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway.

7. This is the largest bell in the world, cast in 1733, but never rung. The piece broken out weighs eleven tons, and the bell has a circumference of 60 feet. Wasn't there a similar picture in your school geography?



8. Here is another striking piece of Gothic architecture. This city hall was built in 1402, and the tower is 114 metres in height. One side of the façade was begun about 33 years later than the other. Where is it?



"No one had ever loved a work as Jeremy loved his, and never was there a street kept as Jeremy kept this Street."

## Street-Keeper

By Norma Patterson

Illustrations by Harley Ennis Stivers

JEREMY LONDON stood at the bottom of the Street and gazed upward, his chest nearly bursting with pride. The Street ran east and west, and this morning in the tender, half-hour-old sunshine it looked like some emerald and gold highway swinging straight up into the sunrise. It swept Jeremy's hat off his head; and a sweet, early wind blew through the glistening silver of his hair. The fresh green of lawn and hedge was tempered by the softening haze of October, that second spring of the Southern year . . . a spring more fragile and gentler than the first one which can be riotous.

This beauty (which lay at his hand today but might turn overnight to russet and quiet browns), this misted, tender blur of colors . . . could anything be lovelier? The velvet lawns were frosted with dew, and spiders had been at work and they had spun a solid network of web over the green earth (astounding that they could do

so much in one night!), and through this silken, gauzy fabric the tints of flower petals lifted mysteriously like the half-hidden outlines of a beautiful face behind a lace veil. Here was fairyland. Indeed, Jeremy saw it as the work of fairies.

He knew the fairies well. They were great friends of his. Little artists in wee-colored smocks, with little velvet, rakish caps on their heads, and pointed skipping feet, and palette and brush. Bending his ear now, Jeremy smiled. He had caught the faint, hilarious chorus of farewells as they withdrew from their painted canvas and danced into invisibility, turning the completed work over to Jeremy.

"How does the Street look today, Jeremy?" they shouted gleefully, knowing well their skilled artistry. The little rascals!

He waved his hat and called back. "Never lovelier, my friends. A fine job!"

They had quite outdone themselves.

Every morning for twenty years they had painted the Street fresh for him, and every morning it was different. Varied backgrounds moved with the months; glistening icicles against a spotless surface of snow; the thin, stark etchings of winter's finely written boughs; that transcient, gorgeous wonder which was spring; golden summer; October . . . as now!

Jeremy took a last look and prepared to enter his kingdom. He put on his hat. He fetched from a pocket a pair of white cotton gloves . . . immaculate . . . pulled them on and fastened them neatly about the wrists. He straightened his shoulders, picked up his long-handled broom and started off briskly on the day's work. For Jeremy London was the street-sweeper.

He walked with the easy swing of one who loves walking and walks for the very joy of it. And the skill with which he handled his broom . . . the deft, light swish of it as he shoved it along before him, a little to this side



and a little to that . . . had not only a grace but actual rhythm. His feet kept time as he gathered in little clouds and billows of dust, lining the whole up neatly and carrying this forward with airy sang-froid.

Just what Jeremy had been before he came to keep the Street no one knew. Twenty years ago he had been well over fifty. Now he was . . . but surely not. For Jeremy had kept a young heart, and a tune in his heel, and a living flame inside him burning to beauty. An invincible trinity! The past was past and what did it matter? No one had ever loved a work as Jeremy loved his, and never was there a street kept as Jeremy kept this Street. Twenty years without missing a day. By now he was a tradition on the Street, a landmark, an honored law-maker. No one disobeyed him. No one disputed his authority. He even stopped Judge Wingate this morning as the Judge, making a hasty and devil-may-care backward exit down his drive, ran off onto the lawn.

Jeremy laid a regretful hand on the Judge's car. "That was as bum a job, Judge, as I ever hope to see. Look how you've cut into the grass. Why it'll take two weeks to get rid of that scar."

The Judge who had been in an awful temper following words with his wife at breakfast, found his temper subsiding before the genuine concern in Jeremy's voice. The Judge felt sheepish; a little boy caught in a small, bad trick. He had ruined one of Jeremy's lawns.

Jeremy was down on his knees. "I'll come back later, Judge, and see what I can do. Don't let that ignoramus of a Rastus touch it."

"I'm sorry, Jeremy, dog-gone if I'm not. I was angry when I shot out there. Wait . . . maybe the two of us . . ." He got down. Brother by brother, in their correctly tailored and their blue denim knees, they worked to lift the scarred earth . . . the crushed grass.

The Judge was not fooled as to whom the grass belonged. He might pay the taxes and pretend it was his grass. But he knew perfectly well it was Jeremy's. Love like that gives possession. In this way Jeremy loved, and owned, the whole Street.

The matter of the grass having been smoothed over, Jeremy waved the Judge a conciliatory farewell (no hard feelings between them about it . . . that wasn't Jeremy's way), and assuming his broom went merrily along in the silver of the morning. Swish . . . swish . . . swish.

"Hi, Jeremy!"

A bunch of school children bore down upon him. Jeremy pushed back his hat and clasped his hands on the top of his broom handle. They crowded about him in a leaping, excited circle. Every event of the preceding day and night became highly colored, dramatic history when related to Jeremy.

"What! kicked the ball through Mrs. Turpin's window? She'll make trouble for you . . . she'll be a regular hornet. I'd best go by there and see if I can't rub her feathers the right way. Who's Third Reader? Why you've had a promotion. That boy will be president yet. Jeremy will say one day, 'I can remember the very day he began his Third Reader.' Hand over the night work, Billy, and let's see if you've got it right this time." Out came Jeremy's funny old silver spec-

tacles. "Yes, sir, that's right . . . and that . . . and . . . No, by thunder! Look at this. Seven into thirty goes how many times and what over?"

They got that settled. Then Jeremy must sharpen the pencils for two little girls. He made a beautiful and animated job of it. Jeremy loved to sharpen pencils. "Now you'd better scurry, boys and girls, or you'll be late. Most nine o'clock."

He stood and watched them cross the Street. He held up a couple of delivery wagons and a milk cart while they did it. When the last pair of flying feet was safely

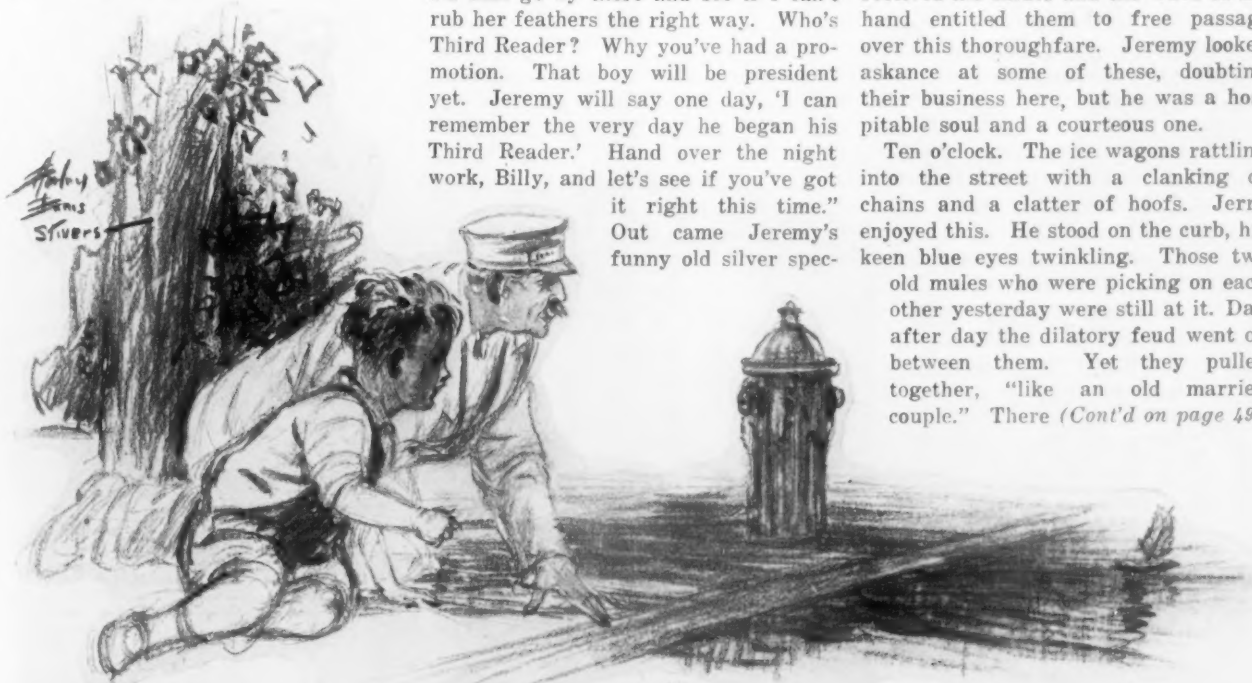
over, Jeremy with a flourish of his hand gave the Street back to traffic.

Nine o'clock. A steady purring of motors now. Out of every drive a car backed and swung cityward. Tan, yellow, red, green, blue . . . they made a flying rainbow on Jeremy's Street. His was not the street of the day laborer who climbs aboard the trolley with his lunch pail at seven, nor yet the street of clerks who flock by on bicycles a little before eight. This was the genteel Street of gentlemen of affairs, whose chauffeurs or wives drove them down, a little after nine, to private offices. From each car, as it passed Jeremy, an arm or a paper waved. Jeremy shouted good-morning and sent them along to bank and brokerage office and cotton exchange. Strangers also received his salute and the wave of his hand entitled them to free passage over this thoroughfare. Jeremy looked askance at some of these, doubting their business here, but he was a hospitable soul and a courteous one.

Ten o'clock. The ice wagons rattling into the street with a clanking of chains and a clatter of hoofs. Jerry enjoyed this. He stood on the curb, his keen blue eyes twinkling. Those two old mules who were picking on each other yesterday were still at it. Day after day the dilatory feud went on between them. Yet they pulled together, "like an old married couple." There (Cont'd on page 49)



"We had planned to, but Sam's accident and the twins' tonsils . . ."



"Together they had launched the small vessel . . . and holding hands had watched her, brave and gallant, hurrying out to sea."

# Rotary Personalities



Above—Milton J. Ferguson, past president of the Rotary Club of Sacramento, California, and State Librarian of California since August, 1917, has been selected by the Carnegie Foundation as the American member of a Commission of two, to study library conditions in South Africa.

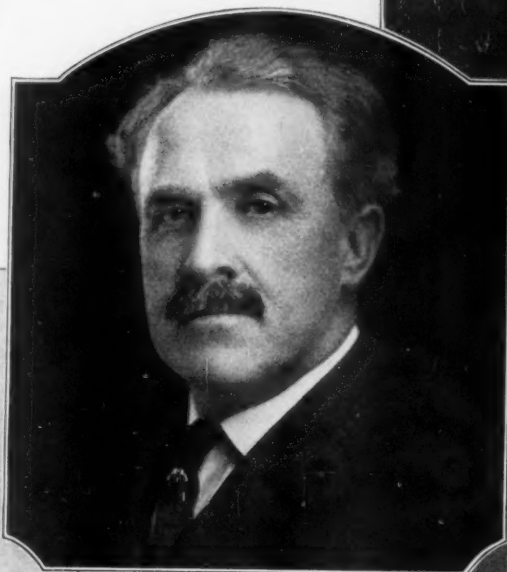
Cason J. Callaway (right), a charter member of the LaGrange, Georgia, Rotary Club, is a leading exponent of diversification in industry. At the age of 33 he is head of twelve textile mills, has a workers' personnel-services program that is widely known, and is promoting a state-wide contest to extend the uses of cotton.



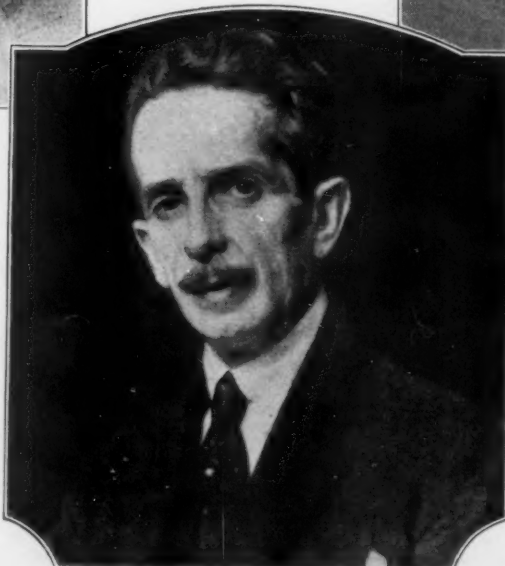
Left—William J. Bogan, formerly assistant superintendent of public schools in Chicago, was recently appointed superintendent. He has already made sweeping changes in an endeavor to rid the school organization of the world's third largest city from political influences. He is a member of Rotary Club No. 1.



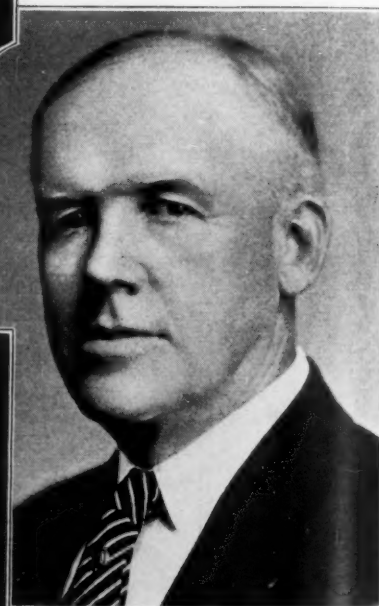
Above — Oscar Rodriguez Sarachaga, L.L.D., holds office in many legal and commercial societies, has founded a law college and collected 30,000 volumes for its library, has begun to organize a forensic museum with emphasis on criminology and legal aspects of medical practice. He has prepared various professional publications and has the classification of legal librarian in the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires, Argentina.



Alberto Ortuno (below) was elected president of the Rotary Club of San Jose, Costa Rica, after serving as vice-president. He is managing director of the foremost banking institution there, and active in social and political circles. The San Jose club has about thirty members, all keenly interested in Rotary.



Above—Uel W. Lamkin, a charter member of the Maryville, Missouri, Rotary Club, which was the "baby club" at the time of the Minneapolis Convention, was elected president of the National Educational Association at its meeting in Minneapolis. He is president of the Northwest Missouri State Teachers' College.



# HONEST VALUES

*The Rotary Code of Ethics—Fourth Section*

By PAUL W. HORN

**"To hold that the exchange of my goods, my service and my ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical, provided that all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby"**

SOME years ago I heard a speech delivered by Joseph W. Bailey of Texas, later United States Senator, but at that time a young man representing one of the Texas districts in the Congress of the United States. He was campaigning for re-election and in the course of his speech, said something about as follows:

"Suppose that I am a farmer, and have a fine saddle horse, but have no horse that I can hitch to the plow. I have a friend in the city who has a fine plow horse that he does not need, but who wants a saddle horse and has none. My friend and I exchange horses. He trades off a horse that he does not need for one that he does need. I do the same. Both of us make money by the transaction."

Mr. Bailey's opponent was an old farmer, and he ridiculed this statement about as follows:

"Joe Bailey is the only man in the world who believes that two men can trade horses and both of them make money. Everybody knows that in a horse trade, whenever one fellow makes money the other one is bound to lose."

The old farmer's idea about horse trading was one which many people had at that time. For that matter, it was the idea which a generation ago was generally held in regard to business as a whole. It may be summed up in the idea that what is one man's profit must of necessity be some other man's loss.

And, yet in the case in question, Mr. Bailey's idea was undoubtedly correct. Each man in the mythical horse trade made money, because each traded off an honest value which he did not need for some other honest value which he did need.

This is exactly the idea of the Rotary club today. The Rotary Code of Ethics boldly declares that no business transaction can measure up to the proper standard of modern times unless both parties to the transaction profit by it.

To bring Mr. Bailey's illustration more nearly down to date, let us take the case in this automobile age in which you live. Suppose you drive your car late one evening into a certain village. You are inclined to think that you have not gasoline enough to take you to the place where you want to go. You feel a very urgent need for more gasoline. You have in your pocket several one-dollar bills. You could use these in many ways, but you would far rather have five gallons of gasoline at twenty cents a gallon than to have one of your bills.

On the other hand, there is a man at the corner garage who has a great deal of gasoline and comparatively few one-dollar bills. He would far rather have the bill in your pocket-book than to have the extra five gallons of gasoline. He is delighted to take your one-dollar bill and to get along with five gallons less of gasoline in his tank. You, on the other hand, gladly part with the money and go on your way rejoicing. Each man has profited by the transaction.

Take the case of a man who knows that winter is coming on and that he needs a new overcoat. In fact, he feels that he must have one. He has several twenty-dollar bills in his

pocket-book. On the other hand, he finds a merchant in the town whose show windows are full of overcoats. The merchant cannot possibly wear more than one of these at a time. This same merchant has perhaps a scarcity of twenty-dollar bills. You give him two of yours and he turns over to you a good new overcoat. You are glad to get the garment and he is glad to get the money. Both parties are profited by the transaction.

It is needless to say that this conception of business ethics has not always prevailed. Many people used to take the view of Eben Holden, whose version of the Golden Rule was somewhat as follows: "Do to the other fellow what he would likely do to you, and do it first." Dog eat dog; skin or be skint! These are some of the ways in which the old idea used to be summed up. Even the ordinary expression, "Business is business" has been used a great many times to express the idea that in business, it is perfectly legitimate for one man to work to the disadvantage of another man if he can.

SEVERAL specific practices may be listed as failing utterly to comply with the standard of business set forth in the fourth section of the Rotary code of ethics. Some of these are as follows:

1. "Taxing the traffic all the traffic can bear." The idea in this was, in every instance, to extort from the purchaser every dollar that could be extorted. In modern times this has sometimes been referred to as profiteering. The Rotary idea is that instead of seeing what is the greatest possible amount you can get for a given article, it pays better to find out what is the smallest amount for which the article can be sold at a reasonable profit.

2. Selling to any given customer more goods than he needs, or can reasonably be expected to use. If the traveling salesman insists upon the merchant taking a thousand pairs of shoes when, as a matter of fact, the merchant will only be able to sell five hundred pairs in a reasonable length of time, the salesman and his firm may, for the time being, make money, but the merchant loses. In the long run, the salesman's firm also loses. The transaction is at best not up to Rotary standard.

3. Betting money on the rise or fall of certain markets, when you know that the money you make will be the loss sustained by some other fellow. In this case, no service is rendered by either party and only one party can possibly find the transaction profitable.

These are only a few of the cases in point. Many others could be listed.

Rotary boldly alleges that a transaction in order to come up to standard must work to the advantage of both parties. But Rotary did not originate this idea. It originated with the greatest business man as well as the greatest teacher who ever lived in all the history of the world, the chief trend of whose teaching is summed up as follows:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them."



*This is the fourth of a series of brief articles on the Rotary Code of Ethics. This series of articles reflects the views of individual Rotarians and, as such, are not necessarily sponsored by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.*





# My First Convention

*Prize-winning articles on the Minneapolis gathering*

By FRANK L. BURTON

**W**HEN I was accepted for membership in the Rotary club, six years ago, and heard the older members talking about the Rotary International Convention, the inspiration and fellowship that were to be gained there, I decided that if the opportunity for me to attend one ever came, I would be ready to grasp it. This year that opportunity came. From the time the special train rolled into the station in Minneapolis where we were met by a group of jolly, handshaking Rotarians who had cars waiting to whisk us to our hotels, until a pleasant faced Rotary Ann bade us goodbye as our special train left on Friday, we had passed through so many memorable experiences that it is difficult to pick out the most outstanding ones. Shall we remember the pageant of the Blue Flower of Rotary with its magnificent stage setting and its colorful audience; shall we remember the masterful technique displayed in the concert by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra; shall we remember the splendor of the Indian attack, the boat burning, and the fireworks on Lake Calhoun; or shall we remember the crowd psychology displayed at that pre-convention session when the question for discussion was the increasing of dues to be devoted to the Sixth Object of Rotary and the representatives from Peru and war-torn China made their emotional appeals for the resolution and representatives from Kansas and Scotland opposed it; or shall we remember the appearance of former Chancellor Cuno and the glad hand he received; or shall we remember some of the notable addresses such as those by Harry Fish, or Dr. Beaven, or Floyd Allen; or shall we remember all these and hundreds of other good things which makes an international convention a mile-post in the life of any Rotarian?

Out of it all, however, I could not help gaining a number of impressions as a whole, and these I shall give. If you can picture to yourself a magnificent municipal auditorium beautifully finished, and decorated only with hanging gardens all around the balcony, and then imagine a group of more than ten thousand people from forty-four countries of the world almost all of whom

On this and the next page appear the two prize-winning articles dealing with the Minneapolis convention. Rotarian Frank L. Burton is from New Castle, Pennsylvania, and the other successful competitor is Rotarian James H. Drynan of Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, Canada, the winning articles being selected from the United States and Canada.

could speak the English language, and almost all of whom were dressed so much the same that it was difficult to tell whether a delegate came from Czechoslovakia or New Mexico unless one looked at the badge or hatband, you can gain some idea of the size of the convention, its unity, and its cosmopolitan character. I have attended several national conventions where two or three thousand delegates have registered and I expected something the same at Minneapolis. The longer the convention lasted the more my wonder grew that so many representatives from so many nations could gather in one place and mingle together on an equal footing without any noticeable attempt whatever to break up into little groups from different Rotary districts. This, then, the size and unity of the convention was my first impression.

**T**HE second thing that impressed me was the seriousness with which the convention went about its work. While everyone seemed to be in good spirits and very friendly and courteous whether at the convention auditorium, or at the hotel, or on the street, there was nothing boisterous in evidence. Somehow I had gained the idea that fellowship and inspiration were the big factors in the convention, and while they were big factors and should be, the fellowship and inspiration were tied up with a very definite working program and that working program for the betterment of Rotary was closely followed all through the week. The

first night as soon as the happy expression of felicitations was over our thoughts were directed to international relationship—one of the very big and pressing problems of our time—and the part that the principles of Rotary will have in solving those relationships was forcefully presented to us. Through the arrangement of assemblies during two afternoons where smaller groups met for more personal discussion of Rotary problems, it was possible for us to gain a very personal contact with the convention which would have been impossible otherwise. I left one of those conferences with sufficient ideas and inspiration to last me many years. My only regret here was that I could attend only one conference at a time. It brought home to me the fact, however, that Rotary is too big for anyone to know all phases of its work.

The third impression I carried away concerned the emphasis placed upon the individual Rotarian rather than upon the club. Over and over again speakers hammered away on the idea that it does not make any difference how big a club is, or how much money it spends, or what worthy activities it fosters, but that in the final analysis its success will be determined by what kind of fellows the individual members are. In their relations with the public through their vocations, are they above reproach and are they the type of manhood that can be set up as an ideal for boys? Do they pay their debts, are they honorable in their dealings, do they belong to the club for what they can give to the community or for the mask of respectability that club membership might give and for the personal profit that may come to them? At least four different speakers at different times during the convention drove home the idea that if the individual Rotarian is the kind of man he should be and the community expects him to be, we need not fear the criticism that comes from the public; but if the individual Rotarian is not living up to the code of ethics, the mass organization of the club cannot conceal that fact. Someone quoting Lloyd George said that it was the private in the steel helmet that won the war, so it is the individual

(Continued on page 38)



Above—The camp of the Blackfoot Indians from Glacier National Park which again lent atmosphere to a Rotary convention. They got their name from leggings blackened by long marches over freshly burned prairie near the Missouri River.



Left—The Blackfoot "adopted" white chiefs as they did at the Denver Convention. This picture shows Major Charles A. Mander, of Wolverhampton, England, a vice-president of the British Association, who was inducted as "Me-kas-toe"—Chief Red Crow.

## A Shake of the Hand

By JAMES HERBERT DRYNAN

"I THINK the greatest benefit I shall take away from this convention, all too short to me, will be the number of men and women I have shaken hands with," said Sir Donald Maclean in his fine address at Minneapolis.

We believe this was the experience of thousands of Rotarians. It was with us.

Journeying to Minneapolis we met a delightful Rotary family from Chile. As only the son and daughter could speak English our meeting with the father and mother rested with a handshake and a smile.

We shook hands at the station with several of our Minneapolis hosts. We shook hands when we registered. We shook hands with members of the hotel

committee. We were constantly shaking hands with Rotarians and it makes us happy to think of it.

We now feel that Past President Arthur Sapp, President Tom Sutton, Ray Havens, and other staunch Rotarians are our friends, although they necessarily are not aware that we exist.

We will long remember our conversations with Nils Parmann, of Oslo, Norway, and Edouard Willems, of Belgium. Their peoples and their countries now mean more to us.

We had dinner with Dr. Thomas Stephenson, Edinburgh, Scotland. Positively we did. It is only fair to state that it was only by chance we had this pleasure. We have him in our gallery of remembered faces and handclaps.

In our gallery of remembrance also are two Rotarians from Czechoslovakia. Neither of them spoke English but they handed us a card with a message printed in the only language we know. We still have the card and remember the faces, the smiles, and the handclaps.

Just think of it. Here we were from a small city, from a small club, with a quite ordinary classification, in fact, just plain ordinary, and we found smiles and handshakes on every side.

There was no particular reason why we should have been invited to the Eleventh District dinner. Not the least, possible, shadow of a reason whatsoever—unless it were the fact of meeting a Rotarian from Iowa, whom we

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# A Vocational-Service Year

*Your vocation and its relation to the Six Objects of Rotary*

By ROY RONALD

Chairman of Vocational Service Committee  
of Rotary International

**P**RESIDENT "Tom" Sutton asked that this be made a vocational-service year in Rotary International.

There are definite reasons why this was recommended by the Aims and Objects Committee of last year and by the retiring board of directors, and heartily sanctioned by the International President.

First of all, vocational service is not generally understood. The change in name from "Business Methods" has something to do with this misconception. The term "vocational service" came to Rotary International with the Aims and Objects Committee set-up, because the old name could be construed as referring to any kind of business methods, good, bad, or indifferent. But there can be no question about the meaning of "vocational service." One's vocation is the classification he holds in Rotary. Vocational service means the application of Rotary ideals of service to and through that classification, in all the relationships that are to be found in it and extending out through that vocation into the community, the country, and the world.

Altogether too often the remark is heard in Rotary clubs: "Oh, I am not interested in vocational service." Just how much of a Rotarian is any member of a Rotary club who takes this position in regard to the one phase of Rotary with which he is most concerned whether he be a business or a professional man?

Among the six objects of Rotary, there are three—the first, second, and fifth—which are devoted entirely to vocational service. The third is at least one-third related to vocational service; the fourth proposes acquaintance as an "opportunity for service"; and the Sixth Object—the attainment of international peace "through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service"—can be accomplished only through vocational service. Therefore, when a member of a Rotary club says he is not interested in Rotary's ideals of service as applied to one's vocational relationships, he says that he is not interested in about three-fourths of Rotary.

I doubt very much if such an indi-

Without underestimating the importance of Rotary's purely social and community activities, these are features which undoubtedly would have received attention from those who are Rotarians now, even if Rotary itself had never been formulated. Hence President Sutton has stressed vocational service as being Rotary's distinctive contribution.

vidual means all that he says, for it is likely that he never has taken the trouble to inquire into the aims and objects of Rotary. He probably has never analyzed the movement that has grown from 120 clubs in three countries to nearly 3,000 clubs in forty-four countries, since the adoption of its code of ethics setting forth the ideal of service as Rotary's goal.

The novice in Rotary finds the fellowship in club meetings delightful and he can very well say that this alone is worth far more than the cost of membership. But, as "Gene" Newsum—last year's chairman of the Vocational Service Committee—has so pointedly asked, to what end are we developing friendship in Rotary? Is it solely for the one hour a week when the members meet? Are they to forget that fellowship when they leave the luncheon place? If not, must they not carry it into their places of business, where they spend forty hours to one at club meetings and where they have most of their contacts? Moreover, what would this Rotarian say of the fourth object, which proposes "the development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service?" How is he to carry out that fellowship program unless he manifests the spirit of friendship to all with whom he has business or professional relations? If he does that, there will be no question about the service he renders.

Then, this Rotarian should ask himself why Rotary should have its restricted membership plan if vocational service is of no importance? Only one

from each classification is admitted to Rotary. But he does not represent that classification in Rotary, because the others in the classification have not chosen him to represent them. The most that he can do is to represent Rotary in that classification. And if he does not even try to find out what vocational service means, how is he to act as an ambassador from Rotary, carrying into his classifications, by his practice in its relationships, the message of Rotary ideals?

The member of a Rotary club who rules out vocational service should take a few minutes off and find out how much he has left of Rotary. Five of the six objects will prove

so much useless phraseology to him; and of the remaining one—the third—proposing "the application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life," would be at least one-third useless to him, so that the statement would then propose the practice of this ideal only in the Rotarian's personal and community life. If this much of Rotary is to be eliminated, why limit membership to one for each classification? If personal contacts only are desired, why bring in one's business? And if Rotary is to take interest only in community life, leaving out all vocational service, just how much will Rotary accomplish that is not already done by the chamber of commerce?

**T**HEN again there are some who say that "we have high standards of practice in our vocation already," or else, that "this vocational-service talk is too idealistic." Of course, both of these statements cannot be true. If business everywhere were conducted on the plane of Rotary's profession, there would be no field for Rotary's business program; and if on the other hand business ethics are already raised to the level of Rotary standards, then Rotary is not too idealistic.

Every Rotarian will classify himself by his attitude toward vocational service. If he sees in his calling an opportunity to render honest and practical service, if his relations with his employees are mutually helpful, if he is considerate of his competitors, then he

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# Somewhere East of Suez

— may be the forty-fifth country to receive Rotary

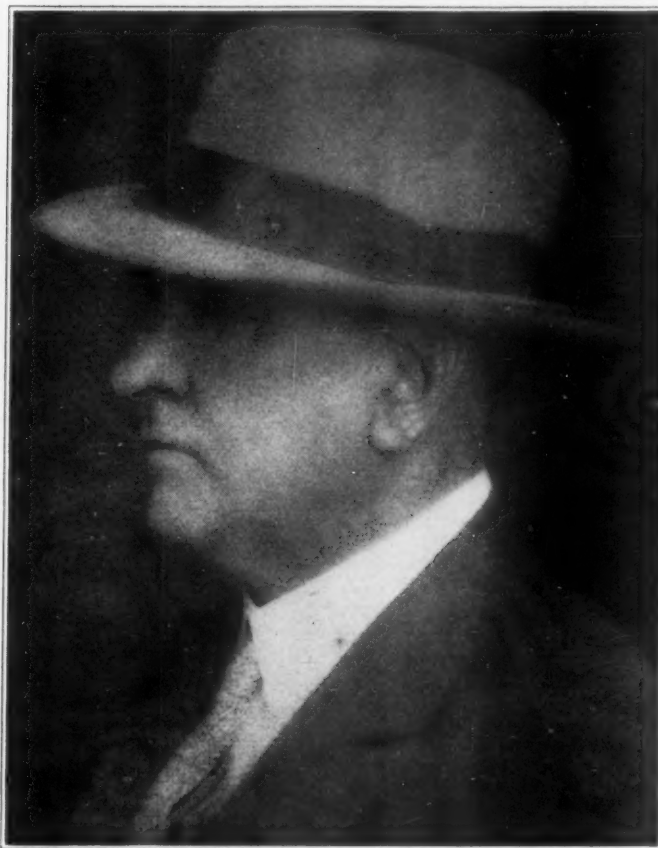
By CHARLES ST. JOHN

A BRIEF study of the distribution of population throughout the world suffices to show that most of the people live in the Orient. Since Rotary is inherently an organization to serve humanity without regard to racial distinctions, it would seem logical that the Orient should have many Rotary clubs. Yet, except in Japan, such clubs are not frequently encountered. Why?

In the United States where Rotary had its origin there are now approximately 2,000 Rotary clubs in a population of 120,000,000. But China, with nearly three times as much population has only three Rotary clubs—India with 20,000,000 more than China has two clubs. Why?

When the directors of Rotary International gave consideration to such questions, a dozen reasons were readily found. The differences in ways of thinking, the differences in transportation, in methods of doing business, and the difficulty in Rotary extension in countries far from the city where the International Headquarters happened to be located. Such-like problems, and many more, were easily recognized, and their solution lay behind the decision of the international officers to send James W. Davidson on a tour of twenty-five countries. Rotary does not believe in guess work—its leaders wanted to *know*. If Rotary can prove advantageous to the countries of the Orient with their problems of domestic and international character, then Rotary International, through its directors and with the aid of the chairman of the International Service Committee may find a way to help.

Rotary is now established in forty-



James W. Davidson, of Calgary, Alberta, former vice-president of Rotary International and chairman of the International Service Committee, sailed August 24th from Montreal on a tour of Oriental countries in the interests of Rotary. While on this mission he will contribute a series of articles to "The Rotarian."

four countries, rather less than half of the countries of the world in which it might be established. What will be the forty-fifth nation to prove hospitable to the theme of Rotary service? And—even more important—*why* will the business and professional men of that nation take such action?

THIS is a much bigger thing than simply organizing a club in another country. It is perhaps too big a thing to find its place in the general directions laid down for Rotarian Davidson's guidance. But again a little thought will show that the Golden Rule, which is to so great an extent reflected in Rotary is neither American nor British or modern. It was formulated in the ancient East long before the time of Christ, and if Rotary fulfills its mission, Rotarians must somehow comprehend the motives that in-

Photo:  
Hess, Calgary.

duced this original statement of a great truth—and must discover where and how in the Orient of today those motives are at work and how the rest of the world may not only cooperate, but profit by the contribution that the Orient may make to civilization. It is not enough to say that the same motives that actuated the Golden Rule, have always actuated humanity and that the dozen or so various statements of the Golden Rule represent many ages and countries. Rotary has to discover why such motives were first evident in the East, and then to discover how a modern statement of the ethical formula can be given that appearance of familiarity which is a first step in creating conviction.

All this seems far wide of the fact that the Rotary club of Calgary, recently presented Rotarian Davidson with a watch chain, or that the Western Canada Fairs Associations presented him with a fine club bag, or that both wished him Godspeed and success on the long trip he is taking with his wife and young daughter. But we must be consistent, and the underlying motives of these presentations must be understood, as must the motive for Rotary's sending Davidson to survey these possible fields of endeavor. It is not the journeys we take—but our reasons for taking them—that must eventually affect humanity.

We can gain some insight into these motives by considering the career of Rotarian James W. Davidson. He was only a youth when he spent eighteen months with Peary's second Arctic expedition. Later he served the New

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# A Spider Spins a Bag

—and teaches something more than just perseverance

**A**FTER keeping a number of large "Writing Spiders" (*Argiope riparia*) under observation for twenty years, and observing and noting their manners and ways of living, I had never found one that did not construct her egg bag except during the night. This nocturnal habit made it quite difficult for me to arrange to study the process; but after a few years of observation I found it easy to tell just about the time she was ready to spin her silken egg container.

Since it required an all-night's vigil, I postponed the rewards of this pleasure until the 28th day of September, 1927. The *Argiope*'s bag is creamy silk, pear-shaped, and hangs when finished with the neck or stem pointing upwards well anchored to its immediate surroundings.

When the *Argiope* is kept well fed in her natural haunts, she may spin two egg bags in one season, and occasionally three of them. The great amount of web material it takes to finish such a bag, and the laying of the mass of eggs, draw heavily upon the strength of the builder, so the following morning and for a number of days thereafter she wears an emaciated look from the loss of much of her bodily vigor. Sometimes, if the weather is growing cool and the season rather early, after spinning the first bag, she crawls away into some secluded spot and dies.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the above mentioned date, when I passed one of my *Argiope* spider's silken orbs which she had spread up by the brick underpinning of my house, I found her absent. A little searching revealed her climbing slowly up the brick wall. When she reached the weatherboarding four feet from the ground she descended to the English ivy that lay

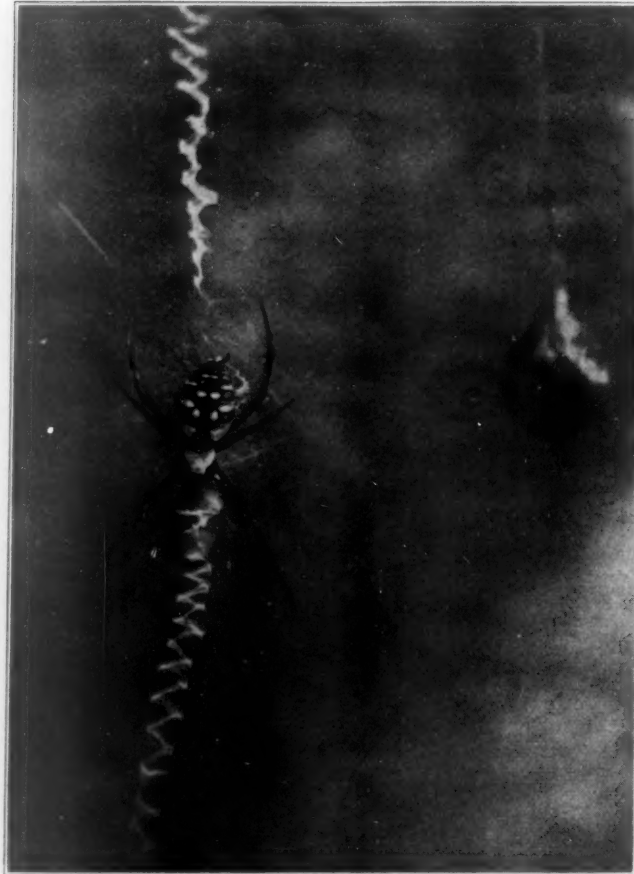


Photo by  
the Author.

The *Argiope* Spider  
and the bag that  
she spun.

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

sprawling on the soil, save where every now and then a single branch had scaled the underpinning. She quickly disappeared into the ivy, and I was fearful at times that she would elude my eyes, but I was able to follow her movements by the quaking of the green leaves. She was four feet from her silken orb where she had spent the entire summer. Beneath the ivy leaves she halted, but hurried out when I approached her with an old broom handle. The fright seemed to have a psychological effect on her activities, for she climbed up the wall and posed beneath a green leaf until almost half past nine o'clock, when she began to work on a leaf, turning herself round and round, sticking her webs as tightly as she could. She frequently pressed the tip of her abdomen against the leaf to make an anchoring for a single strand of silk. After securing a safe anchor, she disappeared again into the leaves where she fastened the lower ends of the

webs, then re-ascended the wall diagonally for a foot, where she stuck her webs.

How she knew English ivy is a plant that does not shed its foliage in winter time, I do not profess to know. But I have observed this to be true: that the *Argiope* avoids anchoring the bag that is to contain the precious eggs to the leaf of a deciduous vine, shrub, or tree. Had this vine been Virginia creeper, she would have rejected its foliage as quickly as if she had been studying this plant's nature all summer, and selected the stem instead, for she seems to know instinctively the plants whose leaves drop at the first touch of frost.

When she had spent five minutes making some silken preliminaries, she crawled beneath a leaf where she rested for twenty-five minutes. She moved about slowly, and the least exercise seemed to tax her strength as much as her long-resting spells severely taxed my patience, because I was anxious to have her finish the task as early as possible that I might have at least an hour or two of sleep before daylight.

**W**HEN she resumed her work, she kept busy for ten minutes and then took a rest of thirty minutes. She reminded me of the time when I was a small boy when father put me to hoeing corn. My periods of rest were just about as frequent and of the same duration as hers! All this time she was busy stretching barriers about the chosen site for anchoring her egg bag.

It was a delightful evening outdoors, and I, with my two flashlights was passed unnoticed by neighbors, who retired rather early. I had my rocking chair set directly in front of her, and

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# The Need for Rotary Extension

*Possibilities for increase in both new clubs and present membership*

By PAUL H. KING

*Chairman of Extension Committee of Rotary International*

**W**HENEVER we notice the imposing array of flags of the nations which have Rotary clubs, it seems as though there could be but few countries without Rotary. This is far from true, for that colorful procession now represents rather less than half of the countries that might be included in the scope of Rotary world-wide.

Again, when we travel in the United States or the British Isles it may seem that there are few communities suited to Rotary clubs that have none. Yet the most recent reports indicate that perhaps 250 more clubs can now be added in the United States alone, and the Extension Committee is hopeful that a total of 500 new clubs can be organized for Rotary International during the administrative year.

Lastly, when we visit Rotary clubs, especially those in the larger cities, we may think that every possible classification has been filled. But it is true that if we could manage to add about four members per club in each club we now have, we should do as much for Rotary extension as though we had gained all the 500 new clubs we hope for this year.

These are brief and obvious indications of what may be done in the matter of Rotary extension.

Now we come to the less obvious aspects. Is it enough to say that we shall be glad to give Rotary to any community that shows a desire for it? Ought we to try and create a demand for Rotary? If we really believe in it, shall we not automatically create public interest? Besides are we not all pledged to Rotary extension?

Whatever our answers to these queries, we must take some risks. It is a risk to deny Rotary to any community that wants it, and equally a risk to give Rotary to any community that shows a flicker of interest. There is risk in a membership that does not grow, or that actually decreases. There is likewise a risk in adding too many members at once.

As an organization of business and professional men we must expect to take some risks, and our problem then narrows down to the consideration of which uncertainties are better to attempt. We certainly do not want any high-pressure campaigns with all their

Without any high-pressure method, Rotary can be made more efficient and more universal if Rotarians are alert to their opportunities. It is estimated that there could be 3,500 Rotary clubs by the end of the administrative year. But Rotary wisely insists that numbers must always be less important than quality, and that no clubs be organized unless they are likely to succeed.

accompanying method. But we stand committed, by the fact of our own membership, to keep up a quiet, strong, insistent effort to make Rotary more universal.

All of us have something to do in this connection. We need not wait for a direct demand for our services. Volunteers are most welcome. Innumerable contacts need to be made before Rotary is as effective as it may be. Further, there are a few instances where Rotary as a whole might be more effective if some present contacts were discontinued. Little as any club may like the task, occasionally it is well to do some intensive pruning. The district governor, the special commissioner, the special representative and the staff of our three secretaries, cannot do much for extension unless they have the backing of every individual member. The longer such support is delayed the harder everyone's task becomes. The organization that fails to take proper steps for its own continuity may be compared with the man who does not make a will. His estate may be administered in accordance with what were his desires—or it may not.

**I**T is not at all necessary to go out into the highways and seek to drag members in. On the other hand it is not wise to walk those highways and studiously avoid every chance to secure a good travelling companion. Out of nearly 3,000 clubs that Rotary has organized, only one or two have proved complete disappointments. This suggests that if we continue the same

careful methods we are not risking much when we organize new clubs in 500 other communities. Also it suggests that we can, by proper study of classifications, greatly strengthen Rotary in clubs already established, for our requirements regarding individuals are not so very dissimilar from our requirements regarding communities. The net gain would be equal to, say, one thousand new clubs, or approximately one-third of what we have now.

These are possibilities, and even if they are not fully realized this year, they will still be available. We must remember that there are some countries where Rotary would, perhaps, never be a success, countries that are very isolated or have an extremely small population. With these conditions we cannot quarrel. But it is less easy to see why clubs already established should be allowed to remain just partly efficient. Statistics for the last three years seem to indicate a few clubs actually losing members, many more that are stationary. Why cannot the current year be made to show a distinct gain?

You will hear many reasons why a certain community should not have Rotary. As Director Marr has said, these reasons show a remarkable similarity, considering the widely separated points of origin. He listed among the standard excuses, "This town is different;" "we have all the organizations anyone could want;" "it interferes with the chamber of commerce;" "the town is too small;" "the town is broke;" "our men are too busy." All of these you will recognize as rather weak reasons—and as Vice-President "Tom" Stephenson well says, "Excuses are only given when people do not want to do something."

If we have an abiding faith in Rotary let us consider and see just how we are best fitted to help in the extension of Rotary—in our own club by suggesting new members; in our districts by discovering new prospective clubs.

It is a labor of love, born of a great desire to give to others the benefits of world fellowship and service, and filled with the thrill of keen personal satisfaction.

Let each one of us be responsible for helping to increase the circumference of the ever-extending great circle of Rotary.



# THE ROTARIAN

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## The Six Objects of Rotary

TO ENCOURAGE AND FOSTER:

1. The ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.
2. High ethical standards in business and professions.
3. The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
4. The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
5. The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
6. The advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## The Empty House

WE had been motoring rapidly through a most uninteresting country. Squalid villages interrupted long stretches of inarticulate, featureless farms. We ran by acre after acre of scrub growth and swung around a sharp corner unexpectedly. And there, nestling between an amazing clump of lilacs and an ancient orchard in full blossom, stood a perfect little house. It was low, rambling, almost a part of the landscape. What a house for a home!

Almost unconsciously I slowed up as we drew near it. It was such a relief after the mediocrity of the miles behind us. Then a chill ran down my spine. No one lived there. In the early twilight of the moment we had not noticed that window-lights were broken, shingles were falling to the ground, even the big, comfortable chimney was in decay. It was a deserted house; no laughter of children there, no evening lamp, nothing but vacancy.

The illusion of beauty was gone. It was gaunt, horrible, dead; a travesty on all that is lovely in a snug cottage in the hills. It was a body without a soul.

How often our organizations are that way. The machinery is as perfect as the lines of that little house along the road. We might say that the lilacs are still blooming in the yard. But the friendly voice is silent, the spirit has fled. We still have a group of men and they call themselves a club—much as one might carelessly speak of that deserted place as a home. But it is far less than that. It is a room with tables where men meet for the noon-hour luncheon. It has its records—transacts business—and may even look up the poor at Christmas. But nevertheless it is an empty shell where the regular forced program keeps up the illusion of vitality; but it is only an illusion.

To make a house a home we must have life—and love. To make a body of men who meet for luncheon a Rotary club we must have sincere brotherhood in service. Woe be to the community whose Rotary club has lost the fine fervor

of its earlier days and sacrificed its soul to mere machinery. It is as helpless and hopeless as the empty house set with such desperate beauty along the highway, between the lilacs and the orchard.

## The Timid Soul

IN every Rotary club as in all other organizations, we find an occasional member who seems to be ill at ease among his brethren. He sits silently through the luncheon hour, perhaps enjoying the fun in his quiet way, but never participating in it. In the jargon of modern sciences he has an inferiority complex or, to use the apter phrase from the vocabulary of H. T. Webster, he is "the timid soul."

Has not Rotary a duty to this man? Should he be allowed to remain apart from its brotherly activities—because, let us say, he lacks the imagination, confidence, or initiative to have a share in it? If the cornerstone of Rotary is friendly cooperation, should not his fellow club members cooperate in striving to lift him out of himself?

John St. Loe Strachey, the late editor of *The London Spectator*, in his charming autobiography, "The Adventure of Living," describes the social method of the home in which he was brought up. "The sight of anyone," he says, "sitting moping in a corner and looking bored or unhappy was the destruction of a party. Such persons, if seen, must be pounced upon at once, amused and made much of, till they were perfectly happy, as 'the guests who got more attention than anybody else.' In a word, we were taught that the strength of the social chain is its weakest link."

Might not the same standard be set for a Rotary club? An organization which consists of a few leaders and many followers may be politically powerful, but it is not a brotherhood. Those less at home should be made to feel at home; those who lack social qualities should be comrades until they lose their self-consciousness and become parties to all the merriment and all the machinery. The timid soul should be thrust forward, deftly and kindly, until he too can enjoy the good fellowship. Very quickly he will participate in the activities of service, too.

## The Value of Optimism

HERE is a challenge: for every satirist, critic, and pessimist who has done a constructive job for civilization we will produce the names of ten equally substantial optimists.

It is the believers in their fellowmen, the leaders who dream dreams and then strive to make their dreams come true, the seekers after the good in mankind in order that it may be nourished and caused to grow—it is these and these alone who have builded the House of Happiness and led the race to higher levels.

The Reverend William P. Merrill, D. D., pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, said the other day: "We may be thankful that there are thousands of Rotarians for one cynic." We will not travel so far with the philosophy of Schopenhauer as we will with the philosophy of hope. The booster attitude may distress some of our intelligentsia as an exaggerated defense erected by a fatuous mankind against the evils of life. But the point is that it boosts. Fault-finding doesn't; it merely strips one of all inspiration to help his fellows by accentuating the existence of every possible depressing fact.

When Christian, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, could not glimpse the wicket-gate, Evangelist asked him if he could see a distant light. "I think I can," said Christian. And eventually, in that thought, he arrived at the gate. Keeping one's eye on the light is far more likely to get one forward than studying scientifically the mud in the Slough of Despond.

# ROTARY EVENTS

*of International Interest*

## Japanese as Mediator

Past-President Tsunejiro Miyaoka of Tokyo Rotary has been honored with appointment by President Coolidge as a member of the Permanent International Commission provided for in the treaty between the United States and Uruguay for the advancement of peace, made in 1914. Under the terms of this treaty as tendered to some thirty-nine nations, each of the governments concerned were to designate two members of the commission, only one of whom might be a native of the nation making the nomination and a fifth member was to be nominated by mutual agreement of both governments. In the case of the commission for the United States and Uruguay, Dr. Harry Burns Hutchins, president emeritus of the University of Michigan, was the native American and Rotarian Miyaoka the non-American selected by the United States. The commission must report within one year after the date on which it announces its beginning of any mediation on matters that cannot be settled through the usual diplomatic channels. While the two governments involved reserve the right of independent action after this report it is obvious that during the intervening year no hasty action can be taken. Thirty treaties of this sort were concluded in 1914, and the U. S. Senate advised the ratification of twenty-eight of these treaties by October of that year. Rotarian Miyaoka is experienced in diplomacy, having been chargé d'affaires for Japan, in the United States, Germany, and Belgium. He was envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary in Washington from 1904 to 1906.

## European Advisory Committee

Chairman T. C. Thomsen has designated, and the Board of Directors of Rotary International has approved, October 6-7 as the dates and Paris as the place for a meeting of the European Advisory Committee. This committee is composed of the district governors in Europe, three representatives from Great Britain and Ireland, and one representative from each nation having three or more non-districted clubs. The Special Commissioner for Europe is chairman. Questions of European extension and cooperation among the various clubs will be among the topics discussed.

## Favor Clubs For Juniors

One resolution passed by British Rotary calls for co-operation of the members in organizing clubs for young business and professional men. Just what this may mean to Rotary's future expansion is not yet determined but undoubtedly such a plan might react to great advantage on Rotary itself. Nor has any definite method of procedure been decided on though the Norwich Round Table has been favorably mentioned as a model. This is an organization limited to men whose ages range from eighteen to forty and membership is granted on the classification principle. Whether the more rapid changes of vocation made by younger men will seriously interfere with such membership has also to be ascertained.

## Jury Service

Feeling that the ends of justice were often defeated by the fact that many business men were unwilling to take the time and trouble incidental to jury service, the Rotarians of New York have offered the Commissioner of Jurors the services of their entire membership. Commissioner O'Byrne replied:

"I assure you that I appreciate the co-operation of the New York Rotary Club. If your club and similar bodies would influence their members to serve when called as jurors without attempt to avoid service except in extreme emergency and for good cause, much would be gained. I will with pleasure check over your list of membership when submitted and see that all on it who are qualified have an opportunity to serve as jurors."

From Robert Appleton, president of the Associa-



Tsunejiro Miyaoka of Tokyo is an authority on international law, and holds honorary membership in the American and Canadian Bar Association. He was born at Osaka and is a graduate of the Imperial University. He has filled many important diplomatic posts, and has recently been honored with the American appointment which is described above.

tion of Grand Jurors of New York County came similar comment, including this:

"If other service clubs, civic, and trade organizations, would do the same, corporations and public-spirited citizens would fall in line and the increased number of intelligent jurors available should reduce the frequency of service and more equitably divide the public duty among our citizens. Men of responsibility and experience on juries would soon be able to correct the uncomfortable conditions and archaic methods now in use for the selection and handling of juries and the service be made an experience of interest and profit."

**Pacific Conference** The Pacific Conference of Rotary at Tokyo in October promises to be an event of unusual interest in the circles of that organization. President Sutton has promised to attend, and many leading Rotarians from Australia, New Zealand, Cuba, China, Hawaii, and the western coast of the United States, Canada, and Mexico are ex-

pected. Japanese Rotarians are perfecting their plans (including the singing of English songs!) and otherwise making elaborate preparations to entertain the conference.

#### **Observe Bi-centenary**

Observation of the bi-centenary of Captain Cook, famous navigator, is being sponsored by Rotary Clubs of Yorkshire, England. The clubs are arranging for a chain of beacon fires on the hills from Eston Nab to Whitby, and are providing prize money for an essay competition in which school children will find their opportunity to show knowledge of the great explorer's career. There is also mention of possible nautical scholarships in this connection.

#### **International Gathering**

Plans for an inter-city meeting to be held south of the Rio Grande are receiving so much attention in Rotary's Forty-seventh District that an unusual attendance is expected and the opportunities for U. S.-Mexican fraternizing

should be productive of much good. Definite plans are not yet announced but Monterrey has been suggested as a possible meeting-place and it is hoped that some high official of the Mexican government will attend.

#### **Portal for Highway**

From the monthly letter of John Hampton, governor of the Fifty-sixth Rotary District, we learn that it is proposed to erect a Rotary Gateway on the Midland Trail where it crosses from Virginia to West Virginia. The project has the approval of two Rotary district conferences, and of the highway commissions of both states.

#### **Community Service**

Ottawa, Illinois, has an ornamental light system which lends attractiveness to the city streets. These lights were installed since 1920 and the completion of the work found the city with a deficit of \$3,000 in the funds for this purpose. Local Rotarians paid off this deficit and have helped other civic improvements directly or indirectly.

## You're Another

### By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

**H**ERE is the best selling-formula:  
*Remember You Are a Buyer.*  
**You**—in your office back of the store.

**You**—at the cash-register.

**You**—behind the counter.

These new communistic political-economists forget that. And there's where they make the mistake, invalidating their whole theory.

There is no such thing as a mere Producer or a mere Consumer. Each is both. If you produce, you consume. You've got to—if only in order to keep on producing. You eat beef if you raise corn. You sell motor-fittings: you buy furniture. Sell clothes—buy shoes.

An American poet and philosopher once said:

"An endless chain of countless rings,  
The nearest to the farthest brings."

Because it does—and your experience proves it—because this minute's salesman is next minute's customer—the Golden Rule is as highly practical as it is divinely moral.

A tailor in Rome told me:

"I don't understand Americans. If they're displeased, they never complain—but then they never show up again."

That does not apply only to Americans. It is characteristic of everyone. Only that's not all the

story. If we don't grumble to the offending salesman's face, we knock his firm behind his back, and the consequent customer-loss is often fatal. No merchant can guess how much he is hurt by the criticisms he doesn't hear.

So consider the correlative proposition. A dissatisfied customer is worse than a bad debt, but a satisfied customer is your best advertisement.

"Sire," said a courtier to the Emperor Constantius, "this man to whom Your Majesty is so gracious has always hated you."

"It is better to make a friend," replied the monarch, "than to conquer an enemy."

Right. You know you've got to have good will. It is more than stock, more than credit. Good will is the "good" in Good Business. In the real game, it proves the sole player on your eleven that can carry the ball over the profit-line. Strange to say, the only way to buy Good Will is to give it away. Therefore, even in the very act of selling anybody anything, you ought to be a customer—you ought to purchase his good will with your own.

Let us get this straight and practice it. If you do—Mr. Seller, being a buyer—Mr. Buyer, being a seller, will get it and practice it, too. He whom you serve will serve you. That is practical cooperation. The best ethics first, but the best business also.



# ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

*"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—Midsummer Night's Dream.*

## Vocational Service Is Appreciated

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.—More than one hundred and fifty high-school boys met with some sixty business and professional men. The boys had previously filled out papers designating the particular occupations in which they were most interested. After dinner the gathering broke into small groups and each group consisted of a man in the occupation sought by his young hearers. Some twenty-five occupations were on the list, with aviation as the main attraction. These interviews were so successful that others will probably follow. This vocational service was a joint effort of the high school, the Kiwanis Club, the Y. M. C. A., and the Rotarians.

## Look Over School Equipment

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—The annual reports of committee chairmen of the local Rotary club show helpful service in many lines. One that deserves imitation elsewhere records the effort of the public-education committee to improve the physical equipment of the schools. This committee made a survey, giving each school a rating on its compliance with conditions essential to healthy and efficient school work. After the first reports had been made the club offered \$120 in prizes for the most notable improvements made before the next survey. The friendly rivalry engendered in this way made it possible to give a higher total score on the second inspection. Only one of some fifty competing schools made a perfect score but it is hoped that more will achieve this next year.

## Donations to Many Worthy Causes

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI.—W. J. Hetzler, past president of the Rotary club of Columbia, and now mayor of this city, recently gave \$4,000 to the Boy Scouts so that they might erect a headquarters camp. This camp will be built on seven acres of ground donated by Harry McAlester, another Rotarian. Mayor Hetzler recently gave his annual salary to the Crippled Children Hospital of the University of Missouri and later played Santa Claus to all the patients.



The New York Rotary Club was host to Captain Sir George Hubert Wilkins of Australia, and his co-pilot Lieutenant Carl B. Eilson of the United States. On April 15th these airmen made a 2200-mile flight from Point Barrow, Alaska, across the North Pole to Spitzbergen. As a token of their achievement, the club presented wrist watches. This picture shows President Andrew Dykes (left) fastening a watch for Captain Wilkins while Lieutenant Eilson stands by.

## Fuel for Those In Need

WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. — An extract from a letter sent by the club correspondent of Wellington Rotary, needs no further comment:

"Winter, with its attendant troubles of unemployment and heightened poverty, is with us. One of the most urgent needs of families in distress at this time is fuel. Coal is retailed in New Zealand at nearly three pounds (\$15.00) a ton, and firewood in this "timber" country is also dear in the cities. A Rotarian, knowing that many warehouses had stacks of old cases piled in odd corners, suggested to the directors that a firewood yard could be established with the old cases as the main source of supply. The board approved and brought the relief authorities into the movement with the result that a scheme of coal and firewood distribution has been properly organized. A yard was hired, one Rotarian put in a saw bench, another provided the shed, and the secretary organized a working party to collect from another Rotarian's country estate a large quantity of dry lumber, which was transported in a lorry supplied by still another Rotarian. Incidentally some of the unemployed found work in running the yard and cutting the wood into suitable lengths."

## Camp Site Gift Makes Boys Vacation Possible

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.—Forty acres of Jackson County land were placed in trust with the local Rotary club by Robert W. Gees, member of the boy's work committee of that club. The Rotarians will



This year thirty-five sick children and their parents came to Vichy where the children were given hydropathic treatments free of charge. The Rotarians of Vichy found that their small guests came from Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and from all quarters of France. The club finances this annual effort by a ball which is well attended, and many members give personal service in addition. Rotarians of other cities cooperate in getting the children and their parents to the health resort.

hold this trusteeship so long as they continue their summer-camp work for underprivileged boys, but if this activity is ever given up by the club other trustees will administer the gift for the same purpose. At present the club is providing a ten-day vacation for the nominal sum of \$1.

#### **\$7,500 Camp for Boy Scouts**

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—The Rotary Club of St. Paul has underwritten the entire cost of a camp for Boy Scouts. The camp cost \$7,500, and \$4,000 of this total was raised in a few minutes at a club meeting.

#### **650 Examinations of Crippled Children**

KITCHENER-WATERLOO, CANADA. — The recent resignation of J. A. Martin from the chairmanship of the crippled children's committee of the local Rotary club was marked by suitable tribute to his five years of service in this capacity, and was also the occasion for a review of the crippled children's work done by this club of seventy-five members. Rotarian Martin was presented with a beautifully upholstered chair. Judge E. J. Hearn, who made the presentation speech, paid tribute to the work done by his fellow-member, and expressed his pleasure that Rotarian Martin would be able to continue to advise the committee, which will now continue its work under the leadership of H. M. Cook, a past president of the club.

In an interview secured by the local press, Rotarian Martin pointed out that in five years the club had arranged for some 650 examinations of crippled children which were conducted by medical men who gave their services gratis.

The club provided necessary transportation—which occasionally meant an emergency trip to Toronto—and made other arrangements. While it was possible for the club to call on the municipality for expense money in this connection no such call had ever been made. A new Rotary club at Preston had taken up the work and so relieved the Kitchener-Waterloo club to no small extent, but much still remained to be done. He felt that the establishment of orthopedic equipment in the local hospital would be a great help if it could be arranged, since it is now neces-



This picture was taken during a Rotary conference at Stavanger, Norway. At the left is Jakob Dreyer, the present district governor; and at the right is Nils Parmann, who is the immediate past district governor of the Sixty-seventh District. Stavanger is on the southern coast of Norway, and there are five Rotary clubs in the district.

sary to take many children to Toronto for treatment.

#### **Readers, Singers, Gypsy Story-Tellers**

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Every summer for some years past the Public Recreation Commission of Cincinnati has arranged for a travelling theatre with readers, singers, and gypsy story-tellers, who put on an entertaining program two evenings a week in the congested tenement districts. These players have their improvised stage on a large truck which also carries the piano and other properties. The performers give their services free.

A block is roped off for the performance and long before the caravan arrives little children are competing for front seats on the curb while the adults line up at windows and doors. To many of these tenement dwellers such entertainment is a rare treat.

#### **44 Members Present Sixth Object Program**

NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND.—At the inter-club meeting of Rotarians from this vicinity, which was attended by about one hundred members, Rotary's Sixth Object was stressed in a program which might be adapted elsewhere. Forty-four Rotarians appeared as honorary consuls for the nations represented in Rotary. Each pointed out on a big map the location of the country he represented, displayed its national flag and gave some bit of interesting information about that country. This feature was well received.

The Sixth Object is receiving further emphasis in New Zealand through the special committee authorized by the district conference. This special committee met in Wellington and after recommending that each club in the fifty-third district should have a Sixth Object committee, offered the following suggestions:

1. To select suitable articles from THE ROTARIAN, or any other source, and place same before the members as luncheon talks.
2. To arrange for a talk on the international organization operating in the Dominion, such as League of Nations Union, Navy League, Pacific Relations, Round the Table—and others.
3. To extend invitations to consuls of different countries to address the club concerning their countries.
4. To promote correspondence with

foreign clubs between members of similar classifications, the incoming letters to be read at club meetings.

3. Let members magnify every opportunity of making contact with visitors from any club and make sure that some friendly attention is paid to them. Nothing else will pay larger Rotary dividends.

### Club Maintains Community Pool

SHERIDAN, WYOMING.—Through the generosity of Colonel Richard Soper, commandant of U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 86, and the sponsorship of local Rotarians, a swimming-pool has been provided for Sheridan. The commandant arranged for the use of the hospital's ice pond for this purpose and the club spent \$475 to secure bath-houses, a lifeguard, and other maintenance. Now the club is planning to secure an all-year-round pool.

### Drive for Punctuality

KEIJO, JAPAN.—A worthy community-service project, something that would not be a duplication of other work in progress, was the problem of Keijo Rotarians. Accordingly they launched a drive for greater punctuality in business and industry. Journalists, the president of the chamber of commerce, the mayor, and other representative citizens participated in a campaign from which good results should be obtained.

### List Books That Boys Like

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—An outstanding activity of the Rotary Club of Baltimore during the past year has been the preparation of a list of books that boys like. This was handled through the sub-committee on "better reading" and it is believed that the list, five thousand copies of which have already been distributed, is one of the best of its kind.

Several tentative lists were prepared and examined by Rotarians, librarians, publishers, and others interested. The present list of 150 titles is believed to be up-to-date, and is designed to substitute high-grade literature for the cheap and sordid stories so accessible to youth.

The list gives the author, publisher, and a brief description of contents in each instance, all arranged according to the age at which the book is most likely to appeal, and illustrated with pen sketches. The first issue of 5,000 lists were distributed largely as single copies, over 1,100 going to Baltimore boys. Quantity lots can be had through the headquarters of Baltimore Rotary. The same sub-committee of the Boy's Work Committee is now engaged in furnishing library books to "shut-ins."

Homes in which people unable to reach the libraries are found, are listed according to their proximity to branch libraries. Scouts and members of other junior organizations have volunteered to arrange for the preparation of the borrowing card and the handling of the books.

During May the Boy's Work Committee through a specially appointed sub-committee handled another big task. Working in cooperation with the superintendent of schools they put on a "stay in school" campaign which reached approximately 18,000 children. All groups in the city schools beginning with the 6-A Grade, those about

to enter the junior high schools, on through the high school grades, were all approached. Wherever practicable the 6-A children were assembled in the auditorium of the school which they will attend next year. This had a good psychological effect.

Twenty-three speakers, eight of them Rotarians, addressed the thirty-seven different assemblies. Other speakers were non-Rotarians and nine were women, but most of them had some service-club connection. Their talks stressed the desirability of keeping away from blind-alley occupations, and of further training as a means to this end.

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It's wholesome refreshment—just the thing for a minute's pause to relax and refresh yourself. Such a little minute is long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.



8 million  
a day

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



# I Have a Small-Town Complex

(Continued from page 13)

have never contended that I was foolish in passing up even the most flattering offers. One of the best friends I have ever had—a man who was born and reared in a small town and made a splendid record before he ever considered going to the city—is now one of the guiding heads in one of the world's greatest combines, with headquarters in New York. He has said to me a number of times: "Jim, I'll get you to New York yet." But he knows how I feel about it—he knows my complex—and has, whenever we have talked it over, agreed that I should be envied rather than criticized or pitied.

**I** THINK I can hear distant voices saying: "Well, if you did not have a good job you might not be so enthusiastic about your small town." That is no doubt largely true, as one must be well fed and reasonably comfortable before he can see much of the bright side of anything, but the fact remains that, for my own part, I managed to make my way over the rough stretches of the road, somewhat in line with a schedule laid out years ago, and have up to now resisted the lure of the city. The going was mighty tough at times, too.

It is also just as true that a man must enjoy his work—it matters not where he may be—in order to do his best. There are just as many misfits and discontented job-holders in business life in the large city as in the small one. I may not be the best man available for my job but I'll say that no one could enjoy his work any more. The days aren't long enough. I get just as much kick—even more—out of it now as I did the first month. I might be just as happy in my job in a big city, provided I were doing the same thing and provided (and this is a big if) conditions inside and out were as agreeable.

You see, I work with men who have known me for years—they are my friends. While I respect my chief as much as if he were the G. M. of a super-combine he is "Si" to me. He and I have worked together on many things outside of the office—community affairs of various kinds. We belong to the same organizations and know and appreciate each other's problems. It's that way throughout the whole organization. There is a bond of understanding and friendship that exists in such a business in a town like ours that is unknown in bigger organizations in the larger places.

"But what have you outside of your pleasant working conditions that is com-

pensation for living in the small town?" I've been asked. My answer is: More than I can possibly tell in one short article. The unobserving visitor might look us over and remark: "Yes, you have a beautiful little city—it must be pleasant here in the summer-time with all your shade trees. You have your country clubs and your rivers; paved roads in all directions; movies and the usual easy life of the small town." But he would miss the mark a million miles. The few tangible facilities for pleasure and recreation are only fill-ins here while the almost unlimited facilities of this kind found in the large cities are major attractions.

The outside writer might come to our town every month for ten years but unless he were admitted to the "inner circle" he would miss the real story in attempting to describe small-town life. If he were to sit in our offices for a few days; put on overalls and work in our factories; be admitted to our service clubs; attend our social functions as one of us; visit our schools and churches; play golf; go picnicking and motoring with us, and by all means sit around our firesides,—he would in time get the true picture. I'll describe just a few "scenes," in which I act or have acted a part, as these will, in a measure, convey the side of the small town that, to my mind, is more to be desired than great riches:

At 6:00 a. m., six times a week, Big Ben clangs his friendly rising-time call at my home. By the time I am shaved, bathed, and dressed for the day the wife has gotten my breakfast. I eat leisurely and then walk five blocks (just think of it—only five blocks) to the office. At 7:30 the day's work begins—a half hour later than in the factory—and after the unfailing "good mornings" we are off to a fine start for a busy day.

With the one exception that there isn't quite as much noise and bluster in our offices we are just about as busy as those working in larger offices in much larger cities. We get an earlier start for one thing and can take more time to each duty. But we receive pretty much the same kind of mail twice a day, as much of it—comparatively—and orders for merchandise made out on the same kind of forms, as do our big city contemporaries. Our typewriters click just as tattooically. Our telephones ring almost as frequently—we talk to New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Moors Crossing every day. The Western Union messenger is at our door with messages from all parts of the coun-

try—ordering something or asking why in blazes we don't ship what's already on order. Salesmen from everywhere come to see us. Cars of materials are arriving on our sidings and other cars of finished goods are departing for points East and West, to the extreme boundaries. Many conferences of department heads are held in the chief's office, during which the same kind of plans and problems are discussed and worked out, as confront manufacturers everywhere. So, taking the day's work, by and large, it offers the self-same opportunities for action as one can find anywhere in the land.

One big difference is, as has already been suggested, we work closer together. Even if there were disagreements it couldn't be very serious, as we know one another too well. The men in our factory get a lot of satisfaction out of greeting me as "Jim" whenever I make my rounds among them. There hasn't been a strike or lockout in our plant since it was founded 72 years ago. There are six foremen over there who have been on the job for a total of over 250 years. And there are any number of workmen who have earned their pay under the same roof for anywhere from 20 to 55 years. A recent check-up showed that at least 80 per cent of our regular force own their homes—the company has helped many of them finance this home-building program. Each employee's life is insured. Any employee can deposit his savings at 6 per cent at the office, and interesting to say there is enough of such deposits to do credit to a pretty creditable country bank. A new workman who isn't loyal to the company is an unwelcome sort among our men.

When the whistle blows at noon there is a big sedan out front—our president's own car, in charge of his chauffeur—waiting to take the young ladies of the office force home to lunch. And the return trip is made an hour later. This same convenience is available to the executives whenever they need a car—should theirs not be handy—for a quick trip to town or on luncheon-club days. And our venerable president—a man past the three quarter of a century mark—always attends the luncheon-club meetings with us. On Wednesday we have the Advertising Club and on Thursday, Rotary.

**D**URING recent years our general manager has served as president of Rotary and vice-president of the Ad Club, whereas it has been my privilege to serve the same two organizations in the reverse order. The "Boss"

and I have served on the Chamber of Commerce board of directors together and the number of campaigns and committees that we have headed up or worked on together have been many.

Well, that's enough about the work-day side. But could anything be sweeter? I ask you.

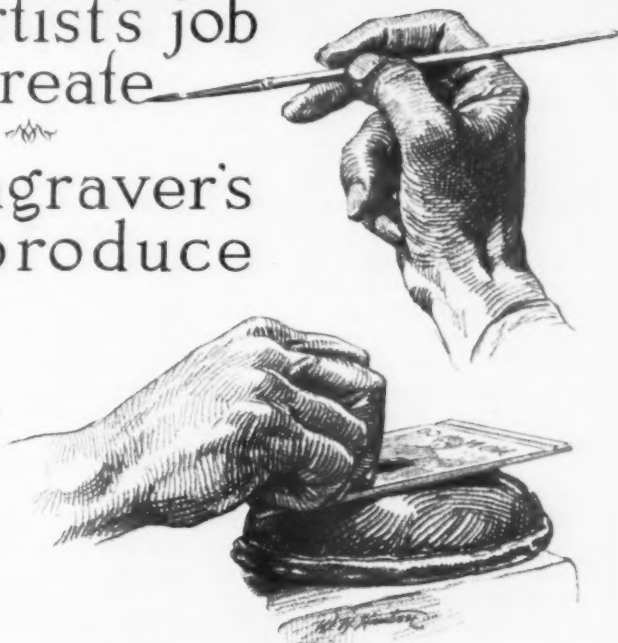
When the whistle blows at 5:30 p. m. my straight eight (yes, a sales manager can really earn enough in a small town to own a real car) is out front, with my wife or "grown" daughter at the wheel. Dinner is on the table when we arrive at our attractive little home, located on a broad, beautiful, well-shaded street. (This home, by the way, would cost one of my city friends a young fortune to live in and at that he would probably be located 45 minutes or more from his office.) Here I sit down, with the wife and our three healthy daughters, to a dinner that would do credit to a big hotel spread and at a cost about equal to the tip that follows the hotel substitute. The "provincial" conversation, mixed with the chatter of the youngsters, is refreshing after a hard day's work. If there's a bit of light gossip thrown in, much the better.

Then after dinner the two tots—Jean, six, and Patti Ann, three—climb up on the arms of my big, easy chair and want the comic strips read. After that they are off to bed and I finish the paper. By this time the clatter of dishes in the kitchen has ceased and the evening's program is under way. Maybe it calls for a movie, a ride, some music—radio, piano, victrola or what have we—or a bridge party or an occasional dance; anyone of which, more often than not, means a get-together of the bunch. "The bunch," of course, refers to our circle of close friends. In our own case there are eight couples who run together and what wonderful times we do have! Naturally, we have many other friends whom we meet at the country club and other places, but our eight-couple circle pull off the frequent, quickly gotten up informal parties. When we moved into our new home last winter "the bunch" sprang a surprise house-warming on us—they came for dinner but brought a turkey, all ready to serve, with all the trimmings. On the occasion of some fellow's birthday some kind of a stunt party is staged.

To be sure, it isn't one merry round of night parties. But scarcely a week passes that our circle doesn't arrange something, even though it be only to attend one of the many church suppers, where chicken and hot biscuits are served. At commencement time, for instance, we took in the high-school play, in which my "Senior Hi" daughter played the lead. This week we have

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a dinner dance scheduled for Thursday night at the old country club and on Friday night my golf partner and his wife are coming to play bridge. There's always an evening or two of each week for devotion to plain or fancy reading.

But speaking of golf: Our office closes at noon on Saturday and through the golf season there are four of us "regulars" who beat it right out to the club. The foursome is made up of the town's corporation lawyer, who is also the president of the Chamber of Commerce; the general manager of a manufacturing concern; the financial secretary of our college, and myself. We four have been playing golf together for a long time. We are known as the "noisy foursome." My caddie knows when I am in town and is always on the job and he plays as hard as I do for my side to win. The stakes are never more than dinners at the club for the foursome and our wives or treats at the nineteenth hole.

I often think about the close friendships that have grown out of just such associations as I have described. Do you suppose that if I needed the help of my business associates, golf or bridge-playing pals that one of them would fail me? I just know they would not! We would go to the end of the earth if need be, for one another. Such friendships can only come as the result of close and constant association. They are wonderful; yes, beautiful but real and lasting ties of brotherly love.

I shall never forget the night, three years ago, when I was taken to a local hospital for an immediate major operation. Two young doctors—close friends of mine whom I always addressed by first name instead of their professional titles—were chosen to do the job. I felt just as safe in their hands as if I had been under the care of the world's greatest surgeon and a lot more "at home." I was confident that they would pull me through because they were my friends. I went under the spell of the anesthetic perfectly at ease in mind and heart.

Several hours later, when I had regained consciousness, my sense of smell detected fragrant odors in the room and upon turning my head toward the dresser and table my gaze fell upon flowers—lots of flowers—flowers of many colors and varieties. I asked the wife where they all came from and she read the names on the cards. I need not list them here as every group mentioned in this article was represented and others besides. I turned my face toward the wall and cried for the first time since I had outgrown my crying days.

The Rotary Spirit—among Rotarians—is right much the same the world over, but in our small cities and towns I firmly believe that there is more of it between man and man, regardless of their club or lodge affiliations, than is the case between member and member in large-city organizations. It is

because we know one another so well. When we really know our neighbors it is hard not to like them.

While the urbanite craves fellowship and joins organizations at considerable cost to obtain it we, of the small places, in a manner reverse the order: Intimate contacts and fellowship are constant and as free as the air, whereas we form ourselves into Rotary clubs and other organizations more for the sake of rendering organized service to our respective communities. It may or may not be wholly true that small clubs perform greater service per member than do those of the large cities, but my observations have led me to believe that we take our membership more seriously and that we find more time to put into effect the teachings of the code.

Millions of folks, who now live in the large cities, may disagree with me, but after looking the whole field over—big, medium, and small cities—I contend that the possibilities for getting more out of life, because we can put more into it, are greater in those towns and cities that aren't too large to prevent our knowing most everyone and his dog.

Yet, I may move to a large city some day, but it will only be when my craving for money or my desire to accomplish bigger material things in the world has gotten the upper hand of my love for the small-town folk and their companionship.

## My First Convention

(Continued from page 24)

Rotarian in his daily walk and conversation with the public that makes or breaks a club.

The fourth thing that impressed me was a danger—the danger that some places were permitting their clubs to become rich men's clubs. During that pre-convention discussion, the idea cropped out. It came up later. Many men voiced the opinion that we were keeping out of the clubs many good and deserving men and driving away some who were already members because of the financial burden imposed. The idea was that Rotary clubs are not measured by the amount of money spent, but by the inspiration and help they bring into a community and by the personal services the members give through their vocations or avocations.

The fifth impression and one that I shall never forget was the atmosphere of international goodwill that prevailed everywhere. In one or two of the smaller assemblies I never saw a more courteous sense of propriety than that shown by some of the overseas delegates who participated in the discussions, and by the others in attendance,

whether participating or not. It seemed to me that when a representative of England, France, Italy, Chile, China, or any other overseas delegate came to the platform to speak he was given just a little more generous applause than men from our own country. Even though the war has been over ten years and my uniform has been long laid away, I confess down deep in my heart, I still retained a little enmity toward some of the countries engaged, but when former Chancellor Cuno of Germany arose to bring greetings from the countries into which Rotary had gone this past year, and was given such a marked ovation by the delegates, and when he gave such a worthy response in English, my deep-seated enmity left and there came instead a new vision of world peace and the part that Rotary principles were to play.

A sixth impression that I brought home was that we do not spend enough time and effort in instructing new members in the history, aims, and objects of Rotary. Somehow we seem to expect these men to know. We take them in and let them flounder around until

some fine Rotarian takes them up on the mountain tops and lets them see the promised land, or they are fortunate enough to land in a fine convention before they get disgusted and wonder why they ever accepted membership. Of course many men, we were told, are Rotarians in spirit long before they become members, but most of them need pre-instruction so that they may be assets to a club and not liabilities.

My seventh impression and it is really too definite to be called an impression was that I hope to attend future international conventions. Even though I were not a delegate, if I wanted to take a pleasant and profitable vacation among most congenial people, and at a moderate expense, I would plan to go again and again.

I am glad that I am a member of an organization that can plan and carry through a convention like the one at Minneapolis. I am glad that I had the opportunity to enjoy the hospitality, not only of the Minneapolis Rotary Club, but of all Minneapolis. I left New Castle as a member of the club, but I came back a Rotarian.



## Vocational-Service Year

(Continued from page 26)

welcomes Rotary's ideals as being truly constructive. If on the other hand he thinks there is something inconsistent between Rotary's program and his own prosperity, he must defend the proposition that one can enrich himself by taking more than he gives, that by such practices a real business with recognized goodwill can be built up.

But how can any Rotarian fail to recognize that when Rotary calls him into membership it is paying him the finest kind of a compliment, when it says to him in effect: "We have known you and we have chosen you to represent Rotary in your classification because we believe that you base your business efforts upon a desire to be of real service to all with whom you have relations in your vocation. We believe that you wish to co-operate with us in the extension of high ethical standards of business practice not only throughout your own industry, but throughout all the countries, and thus help to break down the commercial misunderstanding and strife which have been the cause of practically all wars. We accept your enlistment in this Rotary crusade because we are convinced that you are already on the way toward the demonstration of the fact that the practical is ideal and the ideal is practical."

SUPPOSE instead of that, Rotary were to say to a prospective member: "We know that you believe that ideals and business won't mix; that you are convinced that the one way to get ahead is to acquire money in whatever way you can; that you say that it is for your customers, your employees, and your competitors to look out entirely for themselves when they deal with you. We know that all you want of Rotary is to eat lunch once a week with some of our fellows whom you like pretty well."

Which of the two appraisals is the greater tribute to the individual who becomes a part of Rotary? And is it not true that the member will catalogue himself as belonging to one group or the other, according to his reaction to Rotary's appeal to him to make his own interpretation and sustained application in his vocation of the Rotary ideals of service.

Rotary never can pretend to interpret its own "ideal of service" for its members. That must be done by each individual. But Rotary clubs should and must—if this program is made a part of the clubs' activity—carry on in their clubs educational talks upon and discussions of definite and concrete appli-

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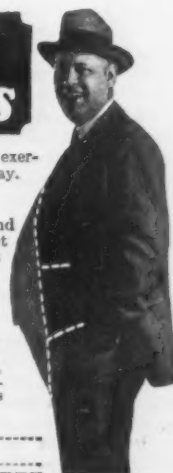
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## International Trade Relations

¶ How may a Rotarian Manufacturer locate Rotarian agents? How may a broker secure the handling of certain kinds of goods, or how may some other business relationship be established? How may Rotarians indicate their desire to connect with other Rotarians because of their confidence that Rotarians are safe men with whom to do business?

¶ This column affords a medium through which Rotarians of various countries may seek to get acquainted with one another and develop mutually profitable business relations.

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## International Trade Relations

The Nineteenth Annual Convention of Rotary International held at Minneapolis, Minnesota, passed a resolution providing for an additional standing committee of Rotary International to be designated as the "International Service Committee."

The purpose of this committee is twofold, "to assist Rotarians in clubs which are now attempting to perform such international service and to improve the present Committee system by providing a Committee with leadership to correlate, direct and extend these activities. This Committee shall consist of five members appointed by the incoming President and shall be under the supervision of the Aims and Objects Committee of which Committee the Chairman of the International Service Committee shall be a member."

The duty of the Committee will be to prepare for circulation helpful information and to give counsel relating to International Service. It will take over the work of the Vocational Service Committee with respect to the International Trade Relations activity which has been to assist Rotarians to do away with undesirable business practices on an international scale. This work is a direct approach to the Sixth Object activities which have as their objective the advancement of peace through the establishing of a common standard of trading in all countries of the world.

With the establishment of this International Service Committee it is hoped that increased activity will be evidenced in Sixth Object activities. The Secretary's Office is well prepared to provide clubs with program suggestions and other material for the carrying out of this important work. Requests for information on this activity may be addressed to the Secretary's Office.

cations of this "ideal of service" to the real problems of all vocations.

And in doing this, Rotary can be conscious of a definite contribution toward real prosperity. For, if real wealth is "coined service," as was taught to President Coolidge by his Amherst professor, then the more those engaged in the quest of wealth understand and practice service, the more substantial will be their accumulations. All prosperity is mutual—it is axiomatic that no one gets on by pulling others down. The buyer must have income before the seller can have his. The richest people is the one with the widest distribution of wealth. And so, when in comment upon the story of one Rotarian who found that an honest attempt to use the Golden Rule brought him phenomenal success in his business, it was remarked that "that is just good business," a profound truth was stated. If the Rotary "ideal of service" is not good

business, then Rotary is all wrong and we had better dissolve the organization.

There is nothing of the ascetic in the Rotary philosophy of business. The first approach to its ideals was in the proposition that "he profits most who serves best." Vocational service is urged, however, not so much for the reason that it is right because it pays, as that it pays because it is right.

So it is urged that in all Rotary clubs, large and small, new and old, the entire vocational-service program be carried out this year with a sincere desire to become acquainted with its fascinating possibilities. Thus will be encouraged a wider and more enthusiastic application of its ideals in actual practice. Only in that way will Rotary be justified of her critics, in and out of Rotary. If we do not "practice what we preach," the critics are right. And if we do live what we profess, their scoffing will be turned into praise.

## How Well Do You Know Your World?

(See pictures on pages 18 and 19)

1. Cologne Cathedral stands on the site of a cathedral begun in the ninth century, but the present building dates from the thirteenth. According to legend its shrine contains the bodies of the three Wise Men from the East who paid homage to the infant Jesus. The heaviest of its bells weighs 543 cwt. and was cast from French guns in 1874. In mediaeval times it was said that the German city had as many churches as there were days in the year.

2. Morro Castle is one of the defences of Havana, and that Cuban city was formerly styled the "key to the Indies." Havana was sacked by English and French buccaneers, blockaded by the Dutch, invested by an English fleet, and later by American warships. In all this stirring history the fortress had a part.

3. The Peace Palace of The Hague was designed by L. M. Cordonnier and Andrew Carnegie contributed \$1,500,000 towards its cost. Since 1913 it has been the seat of the international tribunal meeting in Holland.

4. The "Christ of the Andes" stands on the boundary of Chile and Argentina. The inscription reads "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentina and Chile shall violate the peace they have pledged at the feet of Christ, the Saviour." The monu-

ment commemorates the arbitration of a long-standing boundary dispute that threatened to plunge both republics into disastrous war.

5. A log cabin, said to be that in which Lincoln was born, is enshrined in the classical Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C. Here visitors from all over the world come to pay tribute to the President whose life ended so tragically.

6. Napoleon erected the Arc de Triomphe at Paris to commemorate his victories. This monument in the Place d'Etoile also covers the grave of the Unknown Soldier of France. The famous Champs Elysees is one of the magnificent avenues reaching this point.

7. The great bell of the Kremlin at Moscow weighs 400,000 pounds. It has never shown how sonorous a note it could produce, for it was broken while being moved across the grounds of this old Russian citadel.

8. The Hotel de Ville at Brussels bears a 16-foot copper statue of St. Michael on its 360-foot tower. This municipal building stands on the south side of what has been called one of the most interesting public squares in Europe, once the scene where rival guilds or rival knights came to settle their disputes by force of arms, and where many executions and proclamations took place.

## Somewhere East of Suez

(Continued from page 27)

Wrote "Herald" as a war correspondent, spending three months with the Chinese and two years with the Japanese troops. Afterwards he was American consul in several Oriental countries. He wrote an exhaustive book on Formosa which still remains a standard work. Securing leave of absence he was employed by the Russian government to report on the resources of territory adjoining the Trans-Siberian railway, but had to leave this occupation when the Russo-Japanese war broke out. Later he became consul-general at Shanghai, at which important post he served with distinction. During his thirteen years in the Far East he contributed to the *Century* and other magazines.

For the past twenty years he has been in business. He organized a lumber company which he sold in 1913 to a British syndicate. He has been active in large colonization projects.

IN Rotary he has been no less ambitious. Joining the Calgary club in its second year he became successively club president, district governor, special commissioner, member of international committees, and vice-president of Rotary International. In the more general matters of Rotary administration his knowledge of the Orient has been particularly useful. Four years of service on the Extension Committee succeeded the notable work which he did in company with Colonel J. L. Ralston, now Minister of Defense for Canada. Together they took Rotary to the Antipodes in 1920, and because of their enthusiastic but careful work there are now 17 clubs in Australia, and 22 in New Zealand, clubs recognized as among the most active in all Rotary.

Can such success be repeated in the Orient? Possibly—in fact the International officers have already had applications from many Oriental countries—but Rotary moves carefully, the right foundations must be assured before anything else is done. There are many conditions to be faced in the tropics that are not met with in the temperate zones where Rotary is best known at present.

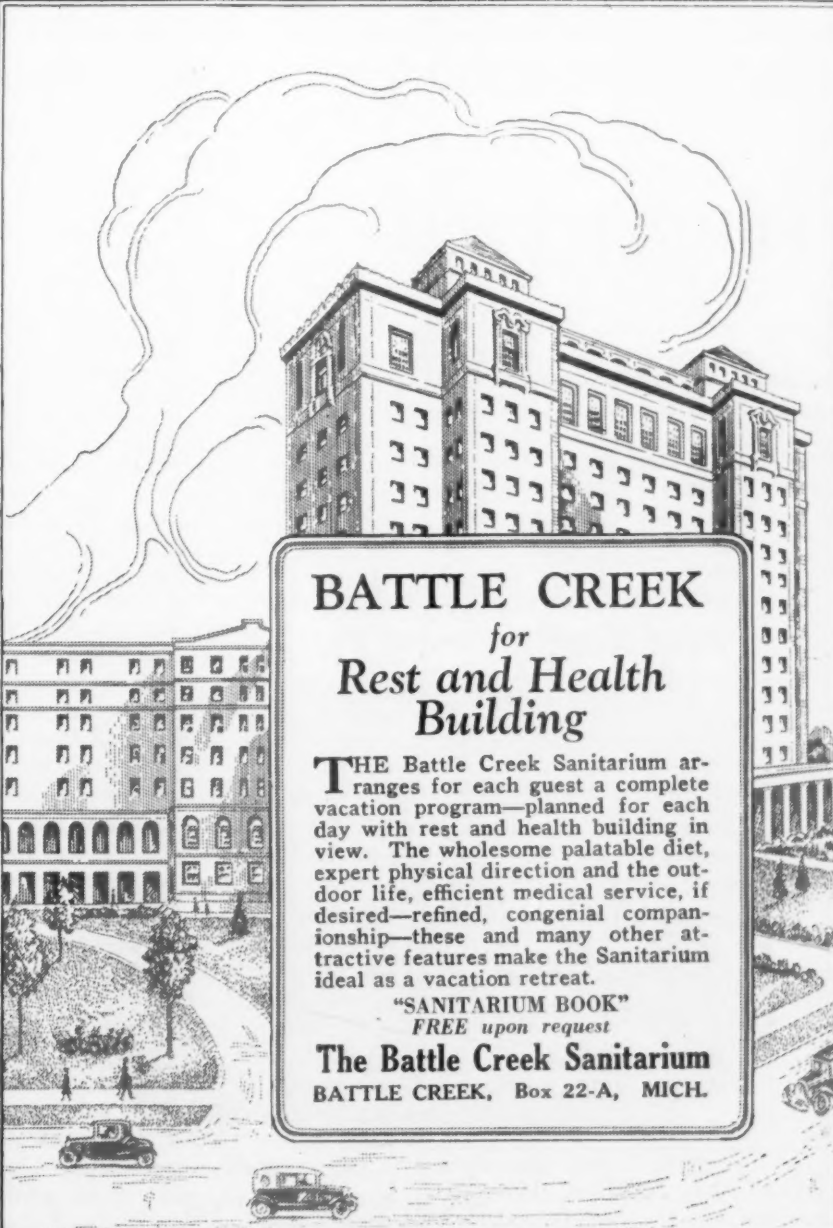
It may be found in some lands owing to the distance from other Rotary countries, that it would be unwise to start clubs at present. Therefore of first importance in his duties will be the making of a careful survey of each of the untouched countries.

The itinerary of his journey is sufficiently formidable. From the States he goes to England, France, Holland,

and Switzerland in all of which countries he will receive important contacts that will mean much to his work. Then he visits the Balkan countries, Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria and Jugo Slavia. Here he gathers information without attempting any organization work. Then to Turkey, Greece and across to Asia Minor, Persia, Syria, Egypt, India, Burma, Malay States, Siam, Java, Sumatra, Tonkin, Hong Kong, the Philippines, South China, Formosa, North China, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, and back home. Some of these countries have no Rotary clubs at present. Some have clubs such as Djokjaparta and Seerabaya in Java that have had very little contact with Rotary International and with other

Rotary clubs. Some have many clubs in constant touch with the International body. In all of these it will be Rotarian Davidson's task to strengthen the bonds, to help in building them into efficient, strong clubs that they in turn may extend Rotary in their own countries. This service will be of such importance that it may be regarded as perhaps the most necessary of all his duties.

Even for a world traveller it will be an interesting year. Such a roving commission implies not only the spanning of physical distances, but the far greater task of spanning mentalities. The club presentation, a golden chain for friendship and understanding—was, perhaps, symbolic.



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## Common and Preferred Stocks

By JOHN P. MULLEN

*Assistant Educational Director, Investment Bankers  
Association of America*

ONE of the very marked movements of the present day in the field of finance is toward preferred stocks as channels for investment. The factors responsible for this trend are very obvious. First, the customer-ownership campaigns of our public utilities and the employee-ownership campaigns of a number of railroad and industrial corporations have centered effort almost exclusively upon this type of security, gaining for it, particularly within the last six or seven years, wide recognition and enormous popularity. It is estimated that at the end of 1927 the power-and-light industry of the United States had a stockholder, gained through customer-ownership, for every ten residential customers on its lines, or, in total, a number in the neighborhood of 1,750,000. If the efforts of the other enterprises in the field of public service and of those industries and railroads which have adopted this method of security distribution have been proportionately fruitful, it becomes quickly evident that preferred stocks are the concern today of not merely financial men of New York and Chicago but that they touch a certain class of investors of almost every city and hamlet.

The second and more immediate reason for this movement toward preferred stocks is, undoubtedly, the steady upward course which has characterized the bond market for many months past. This remarkable advance has been experienced not only among bonds of the highest grade, but also among issues which are commonly classed as second grade. Today a yield only slightly over 4 per cent from sound and highly regarded bonds among the issues of American corporations and taxing-bodies is not at all uncommon. And while money con-

tinues cheap and commodity prices pursue their downward course there is every likelihood that this upward swing will persist. In fact, it is the opinion from many reliable sources that the 6 per cent return on bonds of the highest grade is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

In the light of this condition it is not to be wondered that investors are stepping down in greater numbers from the bond lists to preferred shares. Many of our present-day investors, and particularly those of small resources, were introduced into the field of finance in a period of high yields. During the war and post-war years they found without difficulty sound securities bearing 7 and 8 per cent—issues which in the matter of security were very close to valuable properties. Naturally, investors brought up on such returns are not eager to see their yields cut down by as much as 2 or 3 points when they seek to put their money to work today, and they are turning, in consequence, to the preferred stock lists in search of more attractive returns. That is one of the more important reasons why American and foreign corporations found it possible to float more than \$225,135,000 of preferential shares in 1927, against a total of \$47,887,000 in 1923.

IN buying preferred shares the investor is stepping down from greater security to less security, substituting in most cases liens on management, with dividends and maturities payable out of profits, for liens on tangible property, with fixed maturities and definite interest rates. It is very important, therefore, that he exercise the greatest caution in these purchases. Because preferred stocks are comparatively new instruments of investment

many individuals, an attempt to set out the essentials of this type of security may be helpful.

The preferred-stock method of financing has been used, as a rule, by established corporations for the purpose of raising capital without mortgaging property or establishing further debt, although, in connection with common issues, it is and has been used frequently by new enterprises. More definitely, its purpose generally is the redemption of creditor obligations or the furnishing of funds for expansion without the creation of debt; as a means of paying off bank loans and clearing property of mortgages, for example. Its peculiar advantage for the issuing corporation is the possibility it offers of securing additional funds without disturbing control of the enterprise.

Preferred stock is a hybrid security, partaking of some of the characteristics of common stocks and bonds. It derives its name from the fact that it is commonly accorded preference over common stock in payment of dividends and in the distribution of assets in the event of dissolution. Like common shares, preferred shares represent an ownership interest in a business enterprise, subject to all risks of ownership. Unlike common, preferred shares are usually definitely limited in the matter of dividends, the return being fixed at 5, 6, 7, or 8 per cent, as the case may be. There is often no legal obligation on the part of corporate directors to pay a preferred dividend, however, save that none can be declared on the common stock before the stipulated payments on the preferred stock have been made. Unlike the bondholder, the preferred stockholder has no recourse in case dividends are not earned or paid, since he is in no wise a creditor. Moreover, preferred shares usually involve no obligation on the part of the issuer to redeem them at a fixed date at their face value; normally, they can remain outstanding indefinitely. In practice, however, the issuing corporation frequently retains the privilege of redeeming its preferred stocks, usually at a premium.

FROM the foregoing it would appear that the investor in preferential stocks must assume his share of the risks of failure and depression that attend ownership without the possible compensation of unlimited profits in times of prosperity. In the last analysis that is perfectly true for the majority of these shares. But despite this rather legal distinction many preferred stocks are highly attractive. Their popularity has been won by the substantial investment values that have been provided in these shares in the way of liberal income, tax exemptions, and a great variety of covenants or

protective features. Outside of physical properties, management and the financial history and outlook of the issuing corporation, the investor bases his judgement as to the desirability of a given preferred stock almost entirely upon these covenants. It will be profitable, therefore, to review briefly some of the more common charter provisions which may be included for his protection.

One of the commonest of the many protective features attached to preferred issues is the cumulative dividend provision. This covenant means that if the dividends due on a cumulative preferred issue at any one period are passed or defaulted they become an additional charge against the amount set aside as dividends to be paid to the preferred shareholders out of future profits before the common stockholders can receive any part of such profits. In other words, under the cumulative provision the omission of a dividend in any one year results in the accumulation of the right of the preferred stockholders to that dividend.

Many investors are misled in the belief that the accumulative preferred stock provision gives the purchaser a guarantee that dividends will be paid regularly under any and all conditions. That is far from true. The cumulative feature only means that if or when the company is operating profitably it will pay the dividends, due and past due, on its preferred stock before declaring a dividend on its common. There is no guarantee that accumulative dividends will be paid regularly or ever paid at all. Dividends on preferred stock, like dividends on common stock, can be paid legitimately

only out of earnings or out of a surplus. If a corporation cannot operate profitably, it cannot pay dividends on its preferred whether it is cumulative or non-cumulative. The only guarantee the cumulative feature gives the investor is that passed dividends will be made up as soon as the company is operating profitably and before the common shareholders receive anything.

In addition to being cumulative, preferred stock may sometimes be participating, that is, it may be given the right to share with the common in any surplus available for dividends which may exist after dividends have been paid on the common in excess of a certain figure. The provision of this covenant may be of indefinite variation, according to the condition of the enterprise and the requirements of the particular situation. Generally, after the preferred stock has received a specified amount and the common stock has received a specified amount, the balance available for dividends is divided equally between the preferred and the common or the smaller proportion is declared on the preferred. Whatever the provision, if they are properly set forth in the charter, they are legal and binding.

ONE of the important covenants attached to many preferred-stock issues, particularly those of industrials, is that which provides for the maintenance of net current assets at a certain percentage of the preferred stock outstanding. This amount, depending upon the requirements of the business, ranges usually from 50 per cent, where credits are short and inventories small, to 200 per cent where fixed property is



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rented and inventories large and credits long. Sometimes it is fixed at an amount sufficient to liquidate the preferred issue without reference to the capital requirements of the business. Most covenants of this sort, however, provide that the amount of net current assets at all times shall be equal to the amount of preferred stock outstanding. Generally the penalty for the violation of this agreement is very severe.

Another protective feature of the utmost importance to the investor is that which treats of the issuance of securities having priority over the preferred stock. A typical covenant of this sort reads that, without the consent in writing of three-fourths of the preferred stock holders, the corporation shall not create any lien or mortgage upon any of the real or personal property of the company or make any increase in the authorized amount of the preferred stock, or create any stock issue having a prior or equal charge on earnings or assets, or issue or guarantee any bonds or evidence of debt which mature later than one year from date of issue. The real value of these provisions lies in their worth as a restriction on directors. They should not be too binding nor yet too elastic. As long as they give the preferred stockholders adequate representation on the board of directors and a strong veto on any acts of the enterprise which might be injurious to their interests, they are wise and fair.

Restrictions on the creation of prior lines should extend particularly to the guaranteeing of the securities of subsidiary corporations. Even where the entire capital stock of the subsidiary is owned by the issuing corporation, it is important that the preferred holders see to it that the relations between the two companies be maintained on standard financial, business and legal lines. Otherwise, preferred stockholders may find that their company has been lending raw material, money or credit to the subsidiary, which has been disposed of subsequently by the directors of the issuing corporation in a manner disadvantageous to the preferred stockholders. This practice has involved many corporations, once prosperous, in very serious embarrassments.

In the last analysis, the true worth of any of the foregoing provisions depends largely upon the extent to which they are supported by sufficient voting power to enforce them. Without adequate voting power many preferred covenants may amount to no more than showy trappings which make the sale of preferred stock easy among investors, without hindering the management in any way and without giving real security to the issue. The investor, therefore, should pay particular

attention to his rights in this respect. In the case of incompetent management which threatens preferred security, no remedy is more satisfactory than voting power which controls without question the proceedings of the stockholders' meeting. In the event of default in the principal covenants no remedy is more effective than that which provides that the preferred stockholder shall be permitted to call meetings of stockholders and to obtain immediate resignation of directors and to proceed with the election of more desirable officials. This method is quick, time-saving, and it may prevent the disintegration of the business. Upon correction of the fault the common stockholders are returned to control. This is an extreme measure of conditional voting power, as contrasted with the frequent and almost useless provision of equal voting power, but nothing could be more desirable from the preferred shareholders' viewpoint.

ONE of the more modern features of preferred stock is the provision requiring its gradual retirement. For this purpose a "sinking fund" of a certain percentage of the preferred stock outstanding is usually created. It is generally established as a charge on net income before preferred dividends or no net income after preferred dividends but before provision for common dividends. It often arranges for the retirement each year of a predetermined percentage of the preferred at not exceeding a certain price. Such a provision, besides decreasing constantly the proportion of preferred liability standing against available assets, usually stimulates the market for the stock. For the investor in small issues, therefore, this provision is particularly advantageous, since it provides a better market than would possibly be existent under ordinary circumstances. When a corporation thus retains the right to redeem preferred stock on call, it commonly pays a premium upon redemption. This premium may vary from 3 to 20 points, depending upon the dividend rate and the conditions of the particular issue. The important thing for the investor, obviously, is that the premium be satisfactory under all market conditions.

In addition, the preferred investor is often given other rights, such as privileges of subscription to future common-stock issues rating with common shareholders, or in some cases, where the preferred is callable, of conversion of preferred into common before a fixed date. This latter privilege of conversion enables the purchaser to own stock having better security than common with the advantage of possible profitable convertibility into common.

It should be apparent from the foregoing that, no matter how numerous and how advantageous are the covenants thrown around preferred stock, this type of security can never quite afford the investment quality of a bond of the same corporation. Preferred stock is and always will remain a stock, representing a share in ownership and carrying all the risks of ownership. From an investment viewpoint, it lacks two vital elements: mortgage security and the requirement of regular returns under pain of receivership. If its covenants are fully binding and unlikely to cause trouble, preferred stock is generally a better investment than common stock. But that is all. The investor in preferred issues should always remember that, although he stands in a preferred position in contrast to the common stockholder, he is in a very inferior position to a corporation's creditors, and that, if things go wrong, he may find little equity after the demands of the creditors have been satisfied. An investigation made by Barron's some time ago of the record of 1,479 preferred issues between 1890 and 1920 showed that about 30 per cent of the issues were practically failures, that 40 per cent were of mixed value and that only about 30 per cent could be considered profitable investments.

While the general run of preferred issues, therefore, must be regarded as distinctly inferior to bonds from the point of security and to well-selected common stocks from the speculative viewpoint, a great number of preferred issues are highly desirable. Generalizations regarding securities, and particularly preferred stocks, are very likely to be unfair. There are preferred shares outstanding which are senior securities in every respect, strongly safeguarded by large assets and huge earning power. There are many preferred issues which have a long and steady dividend record. There are companies which look upon their preferred stocks as investment securities and stand ready, consequently, to do everything possible to keep up preferred disbursements. Moreover, many investors have bought preferred stocks and watched them return handsomely in dividends and appreciation. But, in every case, the profitable preferred shares are those of corporations ranking high in their line of endeavor, corporations of able management, sound finances, and proved earning power. Such companies, in the last analysis, always provide the best investments, whether of bonds, common stocks, or preferred shares. They are the only companies the average investor dare consider when he is putting his money to work.



## Militarism and the Schools

(Continued from page 9)

of the Interior, not even land-grant institutions are required to make military training compulsory. Nor is any institution which is now offering military training in accordance with the National Defense Act of 1920 required to make it compulsory. The Secretary of War has said that "so far as the War Department is concerned, it is optional with the authorities of the school, college, or university whether military training shall be an elective or a compulsory course in the curriculum."

It is, therefore, altogether right and proper for citizens to protest to local educational authorities against compulsory military training in those high schools and colleges where it now exists. Such protest has been made by the American Federation of Labor, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ

in North America, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the National Council of the Congregational Church, the National Council of Jewish Women, the National Educational Association, the Northern Baptist Convention, the Babbinal Assembly of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, and many other organizations. But even more sinister than the compulsory feature of military training is the philosophy which lies back of it. If the rising generation of Americans should become convinced that peace is possible, there is hope for the world. But if the rising generation, even in America, becomes impregnated with the idea that war is inevitable, God help the race.

## A Shake of the Hand

(Continued from page 25)

had shaken hands with a year previously. The name Iowa brings pleasant recollections.

We watched the sergeants-at-arms at work and again saw the handshakes and the smiles.

Along came a Rotarian puffing but with a happy face. "Say, fellows, can't you let me have a seat on the ground floor. I have the asthma and it's a long climb to the gallery." The rule of "delegates only" was broken and in he went, smiling and contented.

The Rotarian from Brazil, who arose too late for breakfast, and feeling rather faint, asked a sergeant if there were a restaurant in the building, was personally escorted by the sergeant to the Novelty Counter where he secured chocolate bars to assuage that sinking feeling. Again the handshake and a smile.

A Rotarian with a grip. A car occupied by two young people. "May we take you anywhere?" They are remembered by us.

In the stores, in the restaurants, in the hotels, in the streets; everywhere the spirit of kindness was abroad. We wish that Scrooge could have seen what we saw. It surely would have astonished him.

Even the Auditorium smiled a welcome. Beautifully constructed, immense in size, a wonderful lighting system. It surely is an added attraction to the many attractions of hospitable Minneapolis.

The "House of Friendship" seemed perfection to us. As soon as we glimpsed it we knew that the convention was bound to prove a great suc-

cess. It was a friendly handclasp just to gaze at it. Our thanks go out to those who provided this home away from home.

Were we capable of describing this House of Friendship; were we in a position to guarantee that it would be duplicated at Dallas, next year; could we but spread the good news to all Rotarians—then next year's convention city would be stormed with Rotarians from North, South, East, and West and the S.O.S. call would have to be sent out for more accommodations.

Larger than ten or more rotundas of hotels. On the walls fine paintings, on the floor grass mats, grouped attractively hundreds of wicker settees and chairs; here and there writing-tables (seemingly always occupied) with a plentiful supply of special "House of Friendship" stationery. In the center a large fountain, surrounded by palms and enclosed with an attractive lattice fence. Restful and cool. Yes, and at one end a large space reserved for impromptu dancing to the music of an electric phonograph or grand piano.

Then there were post, telegraph, information offices and even a hospital (the latter fortunately little used).

That is a rough idea of the setting. See that crowd of happy, contented Rotarians and Rotary Anns, hear the buzz of friendly conversation and then tell us honestly if you do not consider that one would have to be a confirmed recluse not to have enjoyed its friendliness.

What a glorious gathering was this Nineteenth Annual Convention of Rotary International. A registration



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of approximately 9,500; of this number some 700 came from countries outside the United States and Canada.

Monday afternoon a meeting of voting delegates was held to discuss proposed resolutions. We estimated that some 2,000 were in attendance. It was a very interesting meeting, most capably conducted, and those who spoke did so ably and well.

The official opening of the convention took place Monday night. The crowds commenced coming at 7 p. m., first by hundreds, then by thousands. "Ramp C, please; Yes, Ramp C, quite good seats there," called the sergeants.

The convention was called to order by Ray Havens, chairman of the Program Committee.

An address of welcome was given by His Honor George E. Leach, mayor of Minneapolis. He said in part: "Happy is the place which can, by such a gathering as this, be comforted by the realization of how world wide is the grip of such ideals as you embody."

Theodore Christianson, governor of the State of Minnesota, in his address, said: "The members of the Organization (Rotary) are investing trade with idealism."

President Arthur Sapp was very happy in his reply to these addresses.

James Hamilton Lewis of Chicago, in his eloquent address remarked, "America welcomes you as the color bearers of Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men."

The evening closed with a colorful spectacle.

Tuesday morning a most impressive Memorial Service was held for "Rotarians who have passed to the Great Beyond."

President Arthur Sapp's address, "Rotary Today and Tomorrow" was greatly appreciated. We quote a few lines: "At first our Conventions were largely inspirational. Early leaders were searching through the idealism of service for standards to which to attain. Fellowship and inspiration are and always will be prominent in our gatherings, but there is a seriousness present today which demands a practical working program."

It was at this session that a message was read from President Emeritus Paul Harris. It concluded with these words, "We are going to the hill-top because the Creator had man's welfare in mind when He created the eternal hills for man to climb."

Rotarian Wilhelm Cuno, Hamburg, Germany, replying to the address of welcome to clubs in countries into which Rotary had gone during the year, said: "We are convinced that today, more than ever before, every man is, within his little sphere, responsible not only for his own manner of life and work, but for the life and work of

others, for life and work of his country, and last but not least, that of the world."

At this session Rotarian Ohtani, of Tokio, Japan, presented a beautiful silk flag to the Minneapolis Club.

Tuesday night saw a huge audience gathered at the Auditorium to hear the famed Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. On our right were two Canadians, on our left were two Americans, all eager with excitement. Wonderful crowd, wonderful music.

Henri Verbruggen smilingly introduced "his old friend" Rotarian Sir Dan Godfrey, of Bournemouth, England. Sir Dan after a few words to the audience turned and raising his baton conducted the first number, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance."

It was glorious as was indeed the entire program.

Wednesday morning some ten or more short addresses were given on Rotary work by leading Rotarians. All were most interesting but we have only space to mention "Knowing Rotary" by Eduardo Moore (Governor Sixty-fourth District, Chile).

It was delivered in Spanish so we must necessarily quote from the translation.

"Friendship, as all human action, ought to have the additional element of beauty. It must be manifested in manners. This we call courtesy. The Rotarian, like Caesar's wife, must not only be good but must also manifest it. 'Courtesy does not show weakness' was an old Spanish proverb.

"We are men, who, trying to serve humanity by good-will, unfurl to the wind the banner of peace which floats over Rotary in its immortal march to the ends of the earth."

Wednesday night came the President's Ball. Huge, happy crowd—two orchestras.

At the Thursday morning's session a series of worth-while addresses were given on "Rotarians at work." One of the speakers, Floyd A. Allen, Detroit, U. S. A., spoke as follows: "So long as big business continues to go ahead on that kind of a foundation, with openness and frankness and absolute fairness to everyone concerned in the picture, so long is the future of big business safe, and they will continue to set a good example for other lines of business and businesses all over the world for that matter, and establish American business on a sane, solid, and sure foundation."

This article will not permit us, though we should have liked, to dwell on the breakfast assemblies, luncheons and dinners, and particularly on the special assemblies where so much of the real work of the convention took place. It was all so worth while.

We attended the Boys Work Assembly in the Lecture room of the Church of the Redeemer and the International Trades Relation Assembly at Jackson Hall and we are grateful to those who conducted these meetings, for the information received.

Friday morning, at 9 a. m., ushered in the greatest session of all.

From 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. some eight thousand sat and listened, seemingly forgetting that there was such a thing as eating.

The entire meeting was electrical, vibrant, inspiring, and there were moments when the whole thing gripped you.

We doubt that anyone could adequately describe that last session. We shall not attempt it. Suffice it to say that there was a dignity and fineness about it all and the memory of it is an inspiration. We reached the hill-top.

Our new president, I. B. Sutton, Tampico, Mexico, was introduced. He gave a most excellent address. A delightful touch were his few remarks, in Spanish, at the close of his talk in English.

What finer ending could there have been to this dynamic convention than the address, "International Goodwill," by Sir Donald Maclean, of London, England.

He brought messages from Sir Austin Chamberlain, foreign secretary of Great Britain, Lord Grey and Ramsay McDonald, both former foreign secretaries and Lord Cecil, who has done so much in work for peace.

Here are a few lines from his speech, which all Rotarians should read in full.

"Reduction in armaments is vital to the maintenance of armed peace. But the real hope lies in the reduction of the arsenals of the national mind. The abolition of the hostilities of the individual soul."

Shortly after Sir Donald Maclean's address came the announcement of adjournment. From then until Saturday it was a continual "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye."

"How does this year's convention compare with previous ones?" we asked a Rotarian who had attended several. He said, "Each year's convention seems better than the last one."

In thinking over the convention these lines came to our mind.

"How far a little candle throws its beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches!

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us; 'twere all alike As if we had them not."

## Rotary as a World Influence

(Continued from page 17)

Rotary expands around the world they will more and more be held in nations abroad. Last year Rotarians met in Oostend, Belgium. It was a most notable gathering, the convention being opened by that great Rotarian and World War hero, King Albert of Belgium, who said, "I realize how sound and trustworthy your movement is and I am sincerely convinced of the increasing influence of your remarkable organization." It is interesting to know that King Albert has recently accepted the office of Honorary District Governor for Rotary in Belgium and the King of Italy has accepted the appointment as Honorary District Governor for Rotary in Italy. The American Rotary clubs sent four thousand Rotarians and their ladies to this convention, chartering six ships of the Cunard Line to carry them. They were four thousand goodwill ambassadors, who traveled throughout the countries of Europe for two months, visiting Rotary families, addressing Rotary clubs and exchanging many courtesies, which are lasting in their effect.

**A**NOTHER contribution is in the matter of international business relations. In 1921 Rotary inaugurated a campaign for the standardization of business practices in each trade and professional association. Rotary assisted in the writing of codes of ethics, which prescribe proper rules of conduct. Over one hundred and fifty codes have been written. World peace must necessarily have a stable foundation and there is no stronger foundation than standardized business methods. When the Rotary campaign for ethical business conduct spreads throughout the world and is accepted—one of the greatest and most serious hidden underlying causes of jealousy and war will have been removed.

When Lord Aberdeen heard Past International President Guy Gundaker make the above statement at the Rotary Club of London in May, 1924, he publicly announced that he believed Rotary had presented an entirely new element to be considered by the advocates of World Peace. In consequence of this talk, Sydney Pascal, president of the London club, was invited to Geneva where he presented the Rotary viewpoint. Later on, a bureau of the Peace Union was established to keep in touch and to encourage and foster the standardization of business practices suggested by Rotary International. Dr. Glenn Frank recently said, "Is it possible that we may some day find that the much abused business system is the best instrument we have for developing

an increasingly generous and gracious civilization?"

In a day when the business man is condemned as the pilot of an essentially selfish process, that must by its very nature, work in opposition to the objectives of the general welfare of mankind, it is interesting to find a professional man who frankly voices the faith that "the cause of social progress has more to hope for from the business of the future than from the political adventures and the general reform movements of the future."

Edward A. Filene, in his provocative book called "The Way Out," in arguing that business is a better instrument than politics, for the achievement of an increasingly better social order, draws this interesting contrast between business and politics:

"Business operates all the time. Political parties function at high efficiency only part of the time—campaign time, particularly."

Again Rotary is sending especially appointed commissions, men talented for the task, to visit Rotary clubs of other nations and for the specific purpose of spreading good will and increasing the understanding of the two peoples involved.

Time will not permit my going into further detail, but there are a vast number of other gestures being continually made, such as the exchange of flags between the Rotarians of one nation with those of another, and when recently the Rotary Club of Frankfurt, Germany, received its charter, hundreds of cablegrams went from Rotary clubs throughout the world assuring them of a genuine welcome into the Rotary family.

Rotary has this year established an Endowment Fund to be administered through the Rotary Foundation. We are hopeful that through the gifts and bequests of Rotarians and non-Rotarians this fund will some day reach the sum of \$10,000,000.00, the income from which will be used largely in carrying out the Sixth Object of Rotary and in ways such as I have already enumerated.

**T**HIS question of permanent peace and international friendship is sometimes referred to as "Internationalism" and causes us quite rightfully to wonder if we may be drifting along the road which would lead to a loss of our individual national patriotism. Rotary teaches no such thought. It encourages the Rotarians of every country to be loyal and patriotic to their own government, it suggests that at every Rotary luncheon there shall be displayed the flag of their own country, that they sing their own national anthem and speak

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their own language. Rotary strengthens national patriotism. We believe that a man can and should love his own country as he does his own family best, but at the same time be on the most intimate and friendly terms with other nations as he is with his next-door neighbor.

To me there is a close similarity between war and disease. Disease always has and always will attack every living thing because it is a law of nature. The human being will never be immune from disease, but who will say that it cannot be lessened, tempered or deterred. Medical and surgical science has quite largely eliminated many of the epidemics of old, only to have a new one appear in the modern disease called "flu." Antitoxins are successfully battling diphtheria daily, discoveries are being made to combat cancer and tuberculosis, but disease will never cease, because the law of nature provides that with increasing age there is an increasing weakness which in due time overcomes all medical science. War is a disease of the mental and emotional equipment of the human race. It can be lessened, it can be tempered and to a very great degree controlled, but the treatment must be largely mental and moral, and I believe no better agency exists today for this treatment than Rotary with its vast equipment of men and clubs spread throughout the world.

Rotary realizes that in the accomplishment of international peace the human race must be drilled in three things:

- (1) The willingness and desire to be friendly, that they must practice the rule laid down by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who said, "If one would have friends, he himself must be friendly."
- (2) The human race must be drilled in tolerance and must be unwilling to allow one's emotions to become excited and his hatred stirred by every careless headline in the newspapers of the world.
- (3) The human race must be drilled in the understanding of the psychology of other peoples.

These things are necessary towards a lasting peace.

But in addition to all this, and without doubt the most practical, scientific, and efficient method of procedure in the accomplishment of world peace, is first of all to locate the breeding spots of ill will and then apply the cure. May I point out what I esteem to be the most important spots of influence for both good will and ill will in the world today?

First, I begin with the clergy, the pulpits of the world afford a great opportunity for the cementing of international friendship. The church above every other institution should con-

stantly lead the way, yet an occasional clergyman in his antipathy for another country will forget the precepts of his religion and do the greatest of harm, particularly if he or his church is one of great prominence. It has been said that a single sermon delivered by a clergyman two years ago, and which was broadcast widely, may easily have sowed the seed of ill will in the minds of perhaps millions of people.

Secondly, the press is unquestionably the greatest medium for good or evil in the matter of international good will. Both in editorials and the publishing of news items does it exert the greatest influence. Newspaper men are often known to remark, "We publish what the public wants." Therefore, if public opinion were so moulded as to express its displeasures, the press might quickly alter its methods in dealing with matters which affect international friendship.

Thirdly, literature. Upon the shelves of the libraries are countless books in which the story tends to breed hard feelings between nations.

Fourth, the drama. Both spoken drama and music might be influenced to refrain from productions which discredit the character of any one people. This is particularly true of the movies.

Fifth, books of history. Perhaps every nation with no exception has allowed histories to be printed in which some injustice is done to other peoples. These books of history mould the minds of our children in those early years when impressions made are impossible to eradicate. Consequently, every page should be one based upon truth and justice.

Sixth, business intercourse between men of different nations. Business men engaged in such transactions should never fail to recognize that a duty and responsibility rests upon them to clothe such transactions with the strictest integrity and honor, as their contribution to good will between the nationalities involved.

A FELLOW-ROTARIAN recently said, "As we are writing codes of ethics for business, why not a code of ethics for all society in the development of international friendship?" and then he suggested six simple rules as follows:

- (1) You cannot establish lasting friendships with those whom you constantly criticize and belittle.
- (2) Strive to get your neighbor's viewpoint, do not too quickly assume your way is right, which others be compelled to follow.
- (3) Remember that little good is accomplished in boasting of yourself, and criticizing your neighbor.
- (4) If your neighbor has a fault do

not shout about it from the pulpit or platform, until you have analyzed and explained the cause.

- (5) Idle comparisons are useless and dangerous.
- (6) Rebuke your fellow countryman when he defames the character of your neighbor, for remember there is so much good in all peoples.

The foregoing or some similar and better code might be written and well utilized in our schools, churches, and colleges. There is no soil so fertile for the development of good-will and peace as that of the primary grades in school.

As a Rotarian I might be accused of excessive optimism as to the importance of our institution, but may I quote the words of two former presidents of the United States, both non-Rotarians? First, I quote Theodore Roosevelt, who said:

"I thoroughly believe in the idea of meetings such as Rotary International is holding. I believe in them just as much as I believe in cast-iron covenants and alliances. No alliance and no treaty will hold nations in amicable relationship where their interests diverge, and where they are out of touch with each other's sentiments. On the other hand, no alliance is necessary between governments whose people understand and sympathize with each other. Contact between men such as compose Rotary International will certainly contribute towards mutual understanding."

And then again may I quote Warren G. Harding, who in 1923 said:

"If I could plant a Rotary club in every community throughout the world, I would do it and then I would guarantee the peace, tranquillity, and forward march of the world."

In conclusion, may I leave with you this thought? Political governments have established a League of Nations; Rotary has established a League of Men, devoted to the ideal of service and dedicated to the ultimate accomplishment of world peace. Rotary does not over-estimate its powers, but we believe that as every ordinary structure requires the talents of numerous crafts in its construction, so will this great structure of "world peace" require the talents of innumerable agencies and of which we are but one. Yet this we do assert. The corner-stone of this great structure must be that of *Friendship*, not one alone between government officials sent for the purpose, but between the individual peoples themselves. To this task Rotary is dedicated and our contribution to world peace, we trust, may be the laying of this cornerstone, for in this we will have rendered a most valuable service towards the ultimate accomplishment of that greatest of all ideals, "Peace on earth and good-will among men."

## Street-Keeper

(Continued from page 21)

was a distinct subtlety about a mule. He wasn't such a fool as people thought him. And he could deliver ice. Stop at the same place every day, move on just so far, turn at the right corner. Yes, sir, a mule had something in his head besides mulishness. Anybody who did his job well, no matter what that job or how many legs he had, was a success in Jeremy's eyes. A mule was a success and commanded respect.

"That's a mighty big piece of ice for the Traylor, Hank."

"Yep. Got some kind of party on."

Jeremy stopped. He shut his eyes tight . . . counting back. Fact! Time for Mrs. Traylor to entertain her bridge club again. He was instantly a whirlwind of energy.

"I'd better get things spruce for the ladies' smart cars. They'll find no dust on Jeremy's street. Some of them will come from the West Side and over Monticello way where they haven't anything better for cleaning the street than that wagon thing, run by a lout who doesn't even look what he's doing or care. Takes no pride in his work." He'd show those ladies what a street ought to look like.

Eleven o'clock. Fruit and vegetable venders. Those peddlers had to be watched carefully. Jeremy, while ostensibly absorbed in his work, kept a bright eye to leeward. His diligence was rewarded.

"Who threw this banana peel right onto the pavement?"

"Not me, Meester London. No. Musta been other fella jus' ahead. I got gabbage can." He proudly displayed a little pail for trash in his wagon. Jeremy had made him get it.

"Well, you put this in there anyway, see? And I'll attend to that other fellow when I catch him. I can't have banana peelings on the street for the children to slip on and pitch under a car."

He went off spluttering and fussing. He was not so vicious as he sounded. But he enjoyed the spluttering. It gave him a cozy little sense of power. You had to keep a sharp eye on those fellows."

"Please, Mr. London."

Jeremy turned and found a skinny child of about fourteen crouching behind a hedge so as not to be seen from the house.

"Please . . . will you wring a chicken's neck for me? I been sittin' back there half a hour, and I jes' can't. Ever' time I start to he . . . he looks at me. He sort of liked me. We got right chummy while I was fattenin' him up. It's a awful thing to chum

with a chicken one day and wring him the next."

"All right, Viney. Now you walk 'round the other side of the garage and think of silk dresses and fur coats . . . Just leave him flop there about five minutes. Miss Dawson will never know you didn't do it yourself."

Coming back about one he found Viney waiting for him again with a little package and a grateful smile. "And thank you, Mr. London, it would have lost me my job if she knew I couldn't."

"You save 'em for me right along, Viney. After all it's not so bad on the chicken. He's just a piece of gristle."

Under a sheltering tree he ate the two hot biscuits and the drumstick which Viney had slipped to him. Quite satisfactory gristle! He finished off with an apple from his pocket. Food for a king. His meal over, and the chicken bone put neatly away in a pocket (he never threw so much as a toothpick in that street), he leaned back against the tree trunk and regarded his handiwork lovingly.

THAT row of motor cars in front of the Traylor looked rather snappy. He took a pride in their elegance. Not an old car among 'em. Would the ladies notice how sleek and shiny and spotless the street beneath their wheels? Sure to! Lawns, houses, gardens . . . everything shipshape. Jerry was largely responsible for this. He couldn't tolerate a loose blind or broken picket. He'd stop and call the owner's attention to it; or he'd fix things himself. "I've set the hose running, Mrs. Smith. Johnny can turn it off when he comes home from school. Grass has got right yellow since Mr. Smith's been away."

Four o'clock. The day's work about ended. Soon Dan and his dust cart would come along and he and Jeremy with scrupulous care, and under Jeremy's strict directions, would lift the little hills of dust and drift and dead leaves into the cart and carefully cover them over. Then Jeremy would mount the dust cart with Dan and ride away . . . a sort of regal ending to the day's work.

Jeremy paused in front of the old Burnet place and regarded it with troubled eyes. He could remember its days of splendor when Richard Burnet was one of the wealthiest planters of the South and his wife one of the beauties; and he could remember their daughter Gladys in pigtails, and later as a bride. The night she married Sam Gilbert the red carpet had run right out into the very Street. The old peo-

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ple had passed along the upward trail, and Gladys and Sam hadn't been able to keep the fine old place up. They'd had hard times. The little crippled boy, and twins on top of that, and Sam smashed up in a wreck and in the hospital months. Must have set 'em back lots. The old house needed painting fearfully.

Spying Gladys Gilbert among her roses he crossed the lawn.

"Going to paint this fall, Miss Gladys?"

"We had planned to, but Sam's accident and the twins' tonsils . . . no, I don't see how we can manage it. It looks awful, doesn't it? And it's such a sweet old house when it's kept up."

That night in his little two-room shack, with the cat dozing on the table under the lamp, Jeremy got out pencil and paper. He squinted his eyes as he measured in perspective the sides of the Burnet house. He made small, exact drawings with the technical accuracy of a draftsman. The following night he went over on the East Side where there was a fire sale. Next he looked up two good friends of his . . . fine old boys, but the younger painters had rather put them on the shelf.

At the end of the week he called out to Gladys Gilbert as he piloted his little dust heap skillfully past. "Oh, Miss Gladys, tell Sam I'll be over tonight after supper. I've figured how he can afford the paint." He said this matter-of-factly, never slackening his energetic pace, never breaking the rhythm of his magic broom.

She leaned against the rose trellis and laughed until her vision grew blurred, and shut from sight the small spruce figure going so briskly up the street handling his broom like a fairy's wand.

THAT night he came. His blue cotton trousers were pressed in a manner worthy of broadcloth. His "other" coat had a quiet and genteel air. He and Sam went out to the dining-room where they could work at the table, and Jeremy drew from his pockets many little notebooks full of beautifully done figures and drawings. And they were correct. He showed Sam how.

They shook hands on it and Gladys brought up some old cider from down cellar and told him she was going to make him the godfather of Baby Sam. "You'll have to come to the christening."

He could come. More than that he could lend dignity to any occasion, the more ceremonious the better.

Sam said to Gladys when Jeremy was gone, "They ought to make him Mayor."

"Mayor? A temporary hireling? Why Jeremy is a vested landlord. He owns the Street."

They voiced the old wonder about Jeremy; what had he been in that first fifty years of his life before he came to sweep the Street.

"It doesn't matter really," said Sam. "Jeremy is the only *actually* happy person that I can put my finger on, anywhere."

The very next day the smell of new paint was in the air. New paint had an exhilarating effect on Jeremy. He could scent it blocks away. They were painting the house a mellow ivory with apple green trellis and blinds. October roses bloomed against it . . . the most beautiful roses of the whole year. Jeremy was very proud. He walked a little straighter and his broom swished a little faster as he came charging by. Gladys was watching for him and they stood admiring it together. The "old boys" were putting up a praiseworthy job.

"Thank you so much for helping, Jeremy."

"That's all right . . . couldn't have it looking shabby."

Nights clear and crisp and silver with moonlight. A sort of wine in the air . . . intoxicating, heady. Jeremy slipped into his "other" coat, and taking a cane, walked briskly southward until he stood at the foot of his Street . . . a little, dapper, straight figure with important shoulders.

The Street was a jeweled necklace of diamonds for some fine lady's throat. Its many lights, hung in the sky and swinging downward to him, were reflected in the highly polished paving. And the moving motors threw their beams forward in the mirroring surface and these were extended magnificently.

"It looks like a ballroom floor of rich mosaic."

The faint, exquisite odor of flowers drifted gently down to Jeremy, filling his heart with shadows from a past whose years were to Jeremy as crushed rose petals closed in a porcelain jar. Jeremy, you see, was an artist. Once he really had been one. But things happen. Now he gave to his work the passion of the artist's eager, thirsty soul. He was not degraded by the simple, menial task. He had brought his work up to the level of his regard for it.

\* \* \*

A new set of city officials went into office. An incoming administration, rearing to win its spurs, must invariably inaugurate a "clean up" campaign. If there is nothing that needs cleaning up, they must at least go through the outward gesture of bettering conditions . . . something that will strike a constructive note when appearing in headlines on the first page of the papers. The water rate was slightly lowered; oh, ever so slightly. Still people were properly hoodwinked, and it made a fine impression. The parking of

automobiles on the county road after dark was violently prohibited. A full squad of giant policemen, mounted on motorcycles, was detailed to patrol the highways and see that no young blade put an arm about his best girl. Cleaning up! The new mayor looked over the city's pay roll and found . . . was it possible in a city of this size and in these enlightened times that such a thing as a human street-sweeper still existed?

"Get him off at once. Put a wagon out that way."

JEREMY received his discharge with humorous unbelief. He doubted if the mayor had the authority. Why he had been on the city's pay when that young whipper-snapper was flying kites. He walked away from the city hall with a blue envelope in his hand and two weeks' salary.

Half a dozen blocks farther Jeremy began to realize that the mayor *was* authority. Then it broke over him. He was fired. Jeremy London was fired. He no longer belonged to the Street. His day was over. They would give his Street to one of those boobs in a wagon who never looked what he was doing and didn't care. Jeremy went home in a state of stunned astonishment.

A cub reporter, covering the city hall, got wind of it and wrote a nicely touching article about the "Passing of the White Wings." "Growth of City Shoves Out Old Picturesque Character to Make Way for Cosmopolitan Methods."

Out on the Street there wasn't one man who, running hastily through the morning paper, didn't exclaim with indignation, making a mental note to "look into this." Of course the old street-sweeper would have to go. You couldn't keep 'em any more than you could keep the fire horses. "But I'll see that Jeremy is fixed up. They can't just dump him out that way. I'll go personally to the city hall and investigate." And Sam Gilbert was among those who did.

When Jeremy realized fully that his work was gone, he was submerged in silent and profound grief. The loss he suffered had nothing to do with his pay envelope. For the first time in his life he felt old . . . defeated . . . tossed aside as useless by a hurrying generation, his own generation gone. Yet he had loved the new one . . . had felt a part of it. And it had rejected him.

Jeremy was resourceful. There were other things a man could do; not so many, when you are over seventy, still he could manage. A couple of days later old friends (some of whom had gone to the city hall and made ineffectual inquiries) were relieved and de-



lighted to see Jeremy on a down-town corner energetically selling papers.

"Hi, Jeremy. Miss you out our way. Give me a Journal and an Evening Post. How's tricks on the new job?"

They took the word home. "Jerry's all right. Selling papers like a house afire. Seems to be having a great time. You can't down that old boy."

They made it a point to go out of their way to buy the evening papers from Jeremy. They carried him word of affairs out on the Street. Sometimes they gave him a lift when the day's work was done. They made certain that Jeremy was earning a comfortable living.

Jeremy was successful at selling papers. He would succeed at whatever he turned his hand to. Also Jeremy found life interesting. Being Jeremy he couldn't find it otherwise. What a motley crew the paper venders were! Everything from aged men and women to six-year-old boys, timid and babyish. One old woman, who carried a cracker box around to sit on, was an especial source of amusement to Jeremy. In fact, she tickled him nearly to death! Toothless and snuff-dipping, with a blue sunbonnet and a queer, cracked voice, she was forever berating customer and fellow-worker . . . a shrewd, horny old lady with a disposition like a billy goat. There were old men about his own age, but bent and withered, who made profit of their infirmities. Of these Jeremy had a noble scorn. The little boys he loved. One was new on the job. He couldn't shout his papers. He stood with them huddled against his ragged gray jacket, his great round eyes lifted timidly to the pushing crowds. The distributor noticed. "We can't keep you if you don't sell. Get out there and bawl about it. You haven't got rid of a paper today."

Jeremy beckoned the child round the corner. Gave him his own sales. Took over the bundle of unsold papers. Jeremy could get rid of them. Or most of them. But he must do more than this for the child. He must teach him how to sell.

"Get your bundle under an arm, see? And hold one paper in this other hand all ready to sell, and go flapping it at most everyone. Now watch Jeremy. You see that man coming? He doesn't know he wants a paper. He's thinking of something else; he's worrying about his rent's been raised on him. Watch Jeremy sell him a paper."

After a few days the child began to catch on. Jeremy was proud as punch. Bragged him up. "I tell you that was fine. Fine! This boy will be a millionaire some day. Jeremy will say, 'I can remember the day he sold his first paper.' How many left? What! I've got to get a move on, or I'll lose

every customer I've got to this financier."

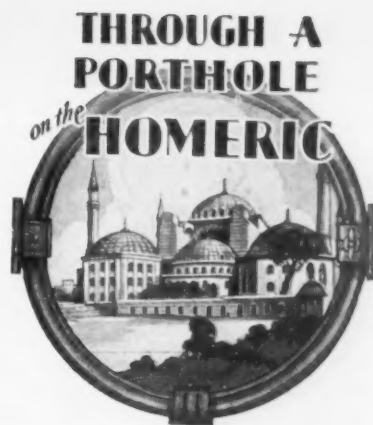
He loved to watch the little boys. He had missed his children on the Street. Missed their pencils and their lessons and getting them safely from curb to curb. He clung hungrily to the small newsboys. It took his mind off his loss. For underneath his brisk exterior, Jeremy was grieving. Sometimes shouting his headline on a crowded corner it came to him with the shock of a thunder clap. After twenty years of magnificence . . . this.

NIGHTS when his work was over, tired than he had ever been in his life, he would get into his "other" coat, and dragging his steps slowly, walk southward to the foot of his Street. And standing here . . . not so straight nor so dapper as formerly . . . Jeremy would eat his heart out. The lights . . . no longer his. The polished ball-room surface . . . not so polished now. As one grieves for a lost home, so Jeremy grieved for his Street. He found signs of neglect. Shaking his old head he walked along picking up papers . . . yes, actually papers. "It never used to look like this." Going to rack and ruin for want of his care.

It was not so much his necessity for the Street that was killing Jeremy, but the Street's necessity for him. He could stand being dethroned; he could not stand for the Street to lose any of its splendor.

Getting home he'd drop into a chair and sit half the night, dreaming back. Pages from the past turned before his eyes. The dashing bays of the elder Traylors long ago. A little boy, now a famous aviator, who used to come out and dig his toe into the grass and watch Jeremy fix a ship out of a leaf and a dried chip. Together they had launched the small vessel in the water running in the gutter from a recent shower, and holding hands, had watched her, brave and gallant, hurrying out to sea. Then it was the wedding of Gladys and Sam, and the red carpet that came right out into the Street. The odor of fresh paint mixed somehow with this. "But they wouldn't want a paper seller for the godfather."

He had picked up his assortment of papers and started briskly off, giving only half an eye to headlines. "Here's your Evening Journal . . . all about the big fire!" But what was it the boys were shouting? He stopped . . . held his papers at arm's length and read off the headline. Judge Wingate's house had burned. Gone! My God . . . he whirled and started on the run for his Street. Stopped . . . realizing the comic uselessness of it. That fine old place . . . right in the center of the



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Street . . . the very heart of its magnificence. Gone. He got out his funny old reading glasses and forced himself to read the heart-rending account. "Nobody at home . . . caught from a defective wire . . . had been burning some while before discovered."

"If I'd been there I could have saved it. Could have turned in the alarm sooner. I knew the judge kept a fire extinguisher in the garage. I've seen it hundreds of times. Right there in the garage . . . Here's your Evening Journal . . . all about . . . and I could have saved it. Now it's gone. The Street will never be the same. Here's your evening pa-p-e-r . . ."

His legs were shaky and his head whirled. He sat down on the old woman's cracker box and bowed his shoulders, and let the storm of grief break over him.

"That's my cracker box an' I'll jes' thank you to take yer filthy carcass off'n it."

Other times he would have found rich humor in this. Now he rose meekly and did as she said.

Jeremy couldn't sleep that night. He couldn't eat the next morning. He felt he could never go back and look at the charred and blackened remains. He who could have saved it.

Winter shut down. The narrow canyons between the tall buildings became dark, frozen caves of sucking icy winds that cut to the very marrow. Clothes didn't help. Two coats didn't. Jeremy turned his collar up to his ears and shivered all day. At night when he got home no amount of hot coffee could get him warm. He had been used to walking briskly . . . letting his legs out. There wasn't much exercise in selling papers, and the sun never got into the streets. Rain and sloppy curbs and wet feet all day. What did it matter? Jeremy went through the motions of selling his papers. But his arms grew heavy and his voice not so strong. He grew lifeless and absent-minded. Often people stopped and asked him for a paper and he didn't hear.

And then one day, along in the last week of February, there was another

headline. An accident. A little school child had been run down by a speeding car. In his Street. Why it was . . . and he had sharpened her pencils dozens of times. A sort of madness leaped into his old blue eyes. With a little whoop he threw his papers right and left.

Ten minutes later a wild figure burst open the door of the mayor's outer office. "Burning up my house . . . killing my little children . . . I'll show that Mayor. Let me at him! I'll show him!"

They got between him and the mayor's door. "Old man, get out of here."

Heavy hands were laid on him, but Jeremy fought them off. Just let him at that mayor. The Murderer . . . the felon!

Hasty word was sent down of an attempted assassination of the Mayor, and a riot squad of policemen armed with sawed-off shotguns came. They captured Jeremy, still putting up a pretty good fight, and threw him into the police wagon. Jeremy, raving in the delirium of fever, just had enough sense to know what he was riding in. It was his final humiliation. His ultimate downfall.

Somewhere later, Whaling, one of the deputies, went up to Judge Wingate's office.

"There's an old man we've got locked up that we're puzzled to know what to do with. He's the one who went off his nut and tried to kill the Mayor. Seems to know you, Judge. Keeps calling you . . . saying something about a fire. He's pretty sick and he's old. Thought you might tell us what ought to be done with him."

"Get his name?"

"Name of London . . . Jeremy London."

"What!" Judge Wingate was out of his chair. "What!" It sounded awful in his ears. "Jeremy London in jail!" His fist smashed down on his desk. "Who's responsible for this? Somebody's going to pay. Why the town will shoot the lights out of that bunch of city hall dummies when they find out. Get out of my way."

That night in the Street there was a meeting. And the next morning this same meeting without an absent member waited on the Mayor. They were influential citizens, property owners, tax payers, and voters. They were a determined and an angry bunch, too. For a time it looked as if they meant to throw out the whole force, starting with the police.

"Your fool policemen have nearly killed him. Treating him like he was a common citizen. And it was Jeremy . . . Jeremy London! Do you understand? We want him back. We don't want that new-fangled wagon. We want Jeremy and for life. You write it down. You make an iron-clad law of it."

At the hospital there were flowers in Jeremy's room. Hundreds and hundreds of flowers. The children from the Street had brought them. They were all there, and the grown-ups, too. The Wingates, the Traylor, Sam and Gladys, and Baby Sam. Everybody was happy and trying to look as if they weren't crying.

". . . and so we couldn't get along without you, Jeremy. Everything was going to ruin. You're coming back to the Street for life!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning was at sun-up. Very, very early. Yet if one has important work one must rise with the birds.

Spring can be riotous, but this spring was not. This spring was gentle. Jeremy, standing at the bottom of his Street, and leaning a happy moment on his broom handle, knew it the softest air he had ever breathed. The tiny fairies had done their best for him. Their wings had just kissed the air and evaporated; their joyous hail-and-well-met had tinkled away into the muted whisper of leaf on leaf. And Jeremy had clapped his hands in applause, and waved a jubilee with his old hat.

But he must hurry. Work was to be done. Judge Wingate was building a new house, an exact replica of the old one. Certain details had escaped the Judge's mind. Jeremy must be there to show him.

## The New Kingdom of Leisure

(Continued from page 11)

Over youth there always broods a mirage of illusion. But in my own youth, as I remember it, there was a noble use of leisure. For hours at a time, evening by evening, we read aloud to one another. We collected flowers. We wrote diaries. We prepared lessons to teach in the Sunday School. At the seaside, we made lakes in the shore and became civil engineers, at any rate, in sand. There was never

a suggestion in our home that there should be one range of interests for the old and another for the young. All of us were eager politicians. And how obstinately we argued! Each of us had his own bookshelf and his own "treasure box." Each of us developed a hobby. It was a life without clubs and societies, but it was real life. No one standardized us; we were ourselves.

"The world is too much with us," so wrote Wordsworth, even of the eighteenth century; and if today we admire the illumination of exquisite manuscripts, it was because there were monks who withdrew from the world, and dwelt together in a silence that expressed more than speech. We like company and to be in company is good. We ought to be mixers. But in every man, there should be a shrine which

none enters save himself and his Maker, in whatever form he sees his Maker. It may well be that, in the art of leisure, the first essential is solitude—the ability to be alone with oneself and yet not lonely. According to the late Lord Morley, even a public man has a right to his private life.

But I see also that leisure will become the kingdom of the amateur. At present we are ruled by the professional and for a simple reason. It is the professional who has learned to do things well.

According to the most helpful of all of Chesterton's paradoxes, however, "if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." In England, the workers are frequently devoted to their gardens, out of which they draw a substantial addition to their incomes; they breed dogs; they train pigeons; they are experts on poultry; they ring the

bells in the churches; they sing in choirs; their great musical festivals are a revelation of what voices await the magic of the baton.

It will be the amateur who will perpetuate the noblest in drama. To raise statues to Shakespeare and build a memorial theater at Stratford-on-Avon,—all this is excellent. But to act Shakespeare is to meet him in person. There is no great industrial plant to-day which could not produce an admirable showing of *Julius Caesar* or *The Merchant of Venice*. There is no great plant which, with the help of soloists, could not render Handel's *Messiah*, Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, or Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*. There is no great plant, or association of plants, which could not produce a pageant or mystery play. The use of leisure means just this: get out of the grandstand, cease to be a spectator, play the game yourself.

## A Spider Spins a Bag

(Continued from page 28)

when she was taking a rest, I also rested my eyes by reading a chapter in a nature book.

When she started so early in the evening with her work, I was encouraged in the belief that perhaps she was going to make a quick task of it, but by this time I was convinced that I was to be wide awake until daybreak.

Up to midnight she never worked longer than ten minutes at a time and rested, sometimes, forty minutes between busy periods. It was one o'clock in the morning when she commenced spinning the final anchors for her egg bag. She displayed much wisdom in choosing a situation for it, because she selected an evergreen leaf that swung horizontally, making a most excellent natural roof to shelter her egg bag during the rainy and sleety days of the coming winter. Beneath this leaf she drew a network of webs, and she anchored them by pressing the abdomen down like a person uses a hot soldering iron. Round and round she turned and drew the suspending webs. Cable after cable was stretched so the bag would remain steady, and the leaf would not dance or even tremble in the strongest breeze. As the night wasted away, she increased her working periods to twenty and thirty minutes.

The earth was still at this hour, the last street car had passed at midnight, and the last automobile rushed by an hour later. It was left to the mercy of a very much misunderstood world of darkness, crickets, grasshoppers, and screech owls. All through the night the

birds were migrating to their southern homes, and their voices burst in tinkling little "cheeps" in the air above me as if coming from departed spirits of the past. Not a cat was heard, nor the bark of a dog visited my ears, and yet I knew there were at least a half dozen of them living in the same block with me.

At half past two o'clock, my spider really seemed to wake up, and she began to work energetically in the construction of the egg bag. I threw my book on the grass at my feet, finished, save for the last twelve pages; for now I had a chapter in Nature's book to read that was far more interesting than anything ever written by man. Many and many times I had looked at one of these spiders' pretty white silken egg bags and wondered just how she had made it. Now the moment promised to tell me how. Swinging her body horizontally and upside down, she pulled the webs from her spinnerets with her two long back feet, and as she moved round and round, she spread the webs that formed the narrow neck on the bag in a white sheet. This kept growing until it was a small inverted silken funnel. Then she began to draw from her spinnerets a very differently colored web. This brick-colored webby material reminded me of red sheep's wool. As she turned round and round, with her great long hind legs she skillfully drew out the red web and stacked it in a pile in the middle of the inverted funnel, employing, in addition to the two short leg-

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like pedi-palpi near her mouth, to press the material down and make it compact. She used the two short leg-like appendages as nimbly as I use my two forefingers. As she moved round and round drawing out the web, she would press her spinnerets up against the mass like some one using a hammer. Sometimes she did this at the rate of ten to fifty strokes per minute. Although I used the magnifying lens to assist me in making the observations, I cannot say that, as yet, I know for sure whether she was staining the mass with a fluid, or pouring something into it that would contribute to the welfare of her children when they hatched, but I do know that the mass of reddish silk was packed there to supply the warmth for both the egg mass, and the young spiders when they hatched out.

About the sides of the bag she frequently reached up with the tip of her abdomen, anchored a web to it, and brought it down over the red padding to keep it from spilling out.

The interior of the bag was finished at half-past three o'clock, and then I noticed she paused a moment; and when I held a magnifying glass near her, I saw her bosom seemingly begin to split, and a creamy mass of eggs commence oozing out. She now had turned her attention to the ovaries which she pressed tightly against the bulky red padding which she had stuffed into the upper half of the bag. She seemed to experience a little difficulty in getting it to adhere readily, but she was very patient; and while clinging directly beneath it, pushed her body upwards, pressed the mass of eggs more tightly until it finally stuck. This was a very exacting part of the task, for had the egg mass failed to adhere to the reddish silk, it would have dropped to the ground a lost article! The egg mass was as large as a green English pea and contained hundreds of pearly-looking beads all stuck together. Quick as a flash she bent the tip of her abdomen up to the outside of the partly constructed bag, and as she moved around she bandaged up the eggs to the brick red filler so thoroughly that when she had finished it looked as if a white handkerchief was stretched tightly beneath them.

The actual time consumed in depositing the eggs in place was five minutes, but half of this was taken up in getting the eggs to stick to the red silk.

Her body relieved of the eggs, she also seemed to be relieved of what appeared to be an awkward body. She now moved about with more agility and every motion she made was characterized with a great deal of zeal and zest.

It was now a matter of spinning silky material of a fluffy nature for padding the sides and the bottom of the egg

mass. When this was accomplished she moved up near the neck of the bag and drew out the white webs rapidly which she piled about until the thing looked like a pretty woolly ball with no external evidence that there was any reddish web or egg mass inside. She raced about her work now as if it was only a matter of a few minutes until the task had to be finished or not at all.

As the project was nearing completion, she seemed to work with more interest. I really believe that this species of spider chooses the night for spinning the egg bag and for depositing her eggs in order to escape the observance of her enemies. Thus she seems to know that the insect that is seeking an opportunity to parasitize such bags of spider eggs is a daylight flyer, and so she takes advantage of the protection that darkness offers her to conceal it.

WHEN the time arrives for a spider to lay her eggs, I believe it is the supreme moment, like the minute for a flower to open,—then or never! Not once did she halt. Thinner and thinner her body grew until now, aside from her outside markings, she looked not very much like her yesterday's self. To look at the bag now about completed, it was difficult to believe that all of it came from such a small living body. It measured three-quarters of an inch through its horizontal diameter, and one inch vertically. When the hand of the watch stood at half past four her body had shrunk until it seemed that she was no more than a fifth as large as she was when beginning the task. The work of building the egg bag, laying, arranging, and caring for the eggs consumed only three hours. The part beneath the neck, now perfectly padded, there remained the silken roof, which had to be moisture and storm proof; so up she climbed and drew the web in sheets which she spread out, but did not tack down with the spinnerets as she had done in spinning the other parts. The egg bag was far too white for any sensible mother to leave without taking some extra precautions, so she gave it dashes of a pinkish tinge that made it harmonize with its surroundings, which will turn darker as the bag grows older. This camouflage no doubt makes a vital contribution in enabling the bag to escape the notice of enemies.

I have just been wondering if this spider is not provided with a red pigment with which she stains at will the roof near the top of the bag. In observing the red web flow from her spinnerets, the latter seemed to be wet with a reddish pigment which it seems could easily stain the silken strands as they pass out of the spider's body.

But the mother was not content to

leave the egg bag alone. There must be a stronger barricade built about it, that would act as bumpers save the automobile in time of accidents. When winged insects bump against it, the reaction will throw them headlong into the air, so discouraging them that many would give up in despair. Before she left the bag, she pasted many single strands of webs to the underside of the leaf and the edge opposite the brick wall, and drew them down over the sides of the bag where she tacked them firmly. Thus she pulled the leaf down so it would make a natural roof and would shed water more freely in this inclined position. She employed the time for this task from half past five until seven o'clock in strengthening a defensive barrier about her valued treasure that had cost her a night of hard work.

When she seemed pleased with the task, she crawled back up the brick wall, and soon a very much emaciated spider was again sitting in her old parlor with her head pointing downwards as usual.

After witnessing the entire process, and the human precautions the mother took in providing for the comfort and safety of her children that were to be, I shall never again look upon a spider except through a sympathetic and merciful eye. Although she is simply an humble spider, the mother is as deeply concerned over the safety and welfare of her children as many a human mother whom I have known! After witnessing the care and the pains she took in building this incubator and cradle for her young, I shall do my best to defend and protect it against any foe that attempts to destroy it.

I challenge any person to sit up one night as I have done and witness the same scene that I have witnessed without coming away with a changed heart towards the much persecuted spider.

As far as sitting up at night is concerned, I would not have missed the opportunity, even though the spider had failed me. A full night alone in the great outdoors, especially in one's own garden or lawn, is a rare elixir for both mind and soul, for which I cannot prescribe a reliable substitute.

The world is different in the darkness, and one night out beneath the stars and clouds and green leaves, and among the voices of birds and insect choirs, is equal to a week's vacation in London or Paris or New York. So to anyone who finds it impossible to take a vacation, or to one who has grown tired of his environment, I unhesitatingly prescribe a night all alone in the unhampered world. The next morning the earth looks different, and one feels as queer and as refreshed as if he had been sojourning in a strange, strange land!

## AMONG OUR LETTERS

### "International Magazine"

Dear ROTARIAN:

THE ROTARIAN is a wonderfully interesting international magazine and apart from my duty I do not enjoy reading any literature more than your own magazine. Your present scheme of incorporating therein articles from various parts of the world will make it perhaps the most international magazine that exists anywhere in the world.

N. C. LAHARRY,

Honorary Secretary, Rotary Club.

Calcutta, India.

### Rotary Policy

Dear ROTARIAN:

A few suggestions—

1—It may be a good plan to determine now that 1930 shall be the first of a series of quadrennial conventions in the United States of America, with the three intervening gatherings in other countries to extend the world-wide concept of Rotary. This will serve to keep most of the convention down to reasonable numbers in attendance.

Another suggestion—

2—In order to eliminate, so far as possible, nationalistic lines within Rotary, it may be a good idea to organize Rotary International into "divisions" dominated by geographical propinquity and established lines of communication. This might result in splitting the United States into three or more slices and attaching to them various other national units. It would establish some new standards for "brigading" countries elsewhere on earth. It is unfortunate that there is no recognized word which expresses an idea somewhere between "International" and "Universal"—"World-wide" is too cumbersome—maybe some genius can suggest the right term. Perhaps a contest conducted by THE ROTARIAN would start people thinking and develop a suggestion worth while and produce such a word suitable for use in all languages.

Another—

3—In the United States the beginning of this notion should find expression in the abolishment of state lines in the establishment of Rotary districts. Rotary units, as such, should not become involved in questions of politics. So far as they are economic, or sociological, Rotary ought to take notice of them but expression should be through the activities of members as individuals. I hope these are not too much "highbrow" to receive consideration.

GEORGE LANDIS WILSON.

Chicago, Ill.

### On the Habits of a Sunflower

Dear ROTARIAN:

I recently read an article regarding sunflowers, reprinted by *The Literary Digest* from THE ROTARIAN.

Every sunflower, as long as its fibers are pliable, follows the sun around the earth with the exactitude of the hands on a clock dial.

One summer I planted a sunflower in our yard near a side porch. When the flower was fully developed I kept it under observation for twenty-four hours. At twelve o'clock noon the flower was turned directly upwards. Slowly it turned towards the west and at twelve o'clock midnight it was inclined directly downwards. Then it began to climb and when the sun rose next morning the sunflower was looking straight into his face.

MRS. HARRINGTON BAKER.

San Antonio, Texas.

### Correction

Dear ROTARIAN:

May I call the attention of the editor of THE ROTARIAN to a rather serious mistake in the photograph of a group of Madrid Rotarians, which appeared in the May Number of THE ROTARIAN.

In it, it mentions the fact that Secretary Mascaró is the proprietor of a mercantile agency, when in reality he is the managing director in

Spain of R. G. Dun and Company, universally known.

In order to avoid any other mistakes, I would appreciate it very much if you would rectify this mistake in the next number.

ANICETO MASCARÓ,  
Secretary, Rotary Club.

Madrid, Spain.

### "A New Slant on Idiosyncrasy"

Dear ROTARIAN:

Permit me to congratulate you on the current number of THE ROTARIAN. I try every month to read it thoroughly and this time have been able to do so. I wish every boy who is the son of a Rotarian would read Butler's "Beaten Paths." It's good, and I for one got a new slant on idiosyncrasy from Gillilan's article. I wish also that every Rotarian would clip Malloch's "The Muckers" and read it with understanding every day of the year. Go to it and God bless you.

LEWIS ATHONTON.

Jackson, Michigan.

### All Luncheons on Same Day

Dear ROTARIAN:

I have recently had the honor of being elected a member of the Baltimore Rotary Club, a privilege I have wanted to enjoy for a good many years.

Since becoming a member several weeks ago, I have been able to attend only three meetings due to the fact that my duties carry me out of the city a great deal, particularly early in the week—our local club meets on Tuesdays.

Of course I realize that traveling Rotarians are expected to attend club meetings in the cities they visit but this has been impossible for the simple reason that meeting days vary in different cities. If I am away from Baltimore on Tuesdays I miss our meeting here and it has so happened that in none of the cities I visit are there meetings held on Tuesdays.

It occurs to me that it would be a thoroughly practical, sensible idea to have Rotary club meetings on the same day in every city so that the Rotarian who is away from his own city can on that same day attend a Rotary meeting in another city. I doubt if there is anything new in this suggestion and it has probably come up many times before.

Personally, I think that to adopt such a measure would greatly increase the percentage of attendance. The present system of having meetings scattered all through the week militates decidedly against anywhere near one hundred per cent attendance for the man whose duties carry him away from his home city.

H. K. DUGDALE.

Baltimore, Maryland.

### Reflections of a Cub Rotarian

Dear ROTARIAN:

We have recently been admonished that we should be more hospitably inclined toward each other, and especially toward the new members who are inducted into Rotary fellowship from time to time. The advice is timely, but like all good advice, is pretty generally disregarded. The attitude of Rotarians toward the novice seems to be about the same accorded to the newcomer in Congress. He is tolerated, but nobody is at any pains to make him particularly at home. In the course of time he will probably be admitted into full fellowship and will then be in a position to regard other newcomers with cool superiority.

Nevertheless, it is to the advantage of the club to discover the new member. He was elected to the club on the assumption that he would prove an asset and not a liability. The club should make an effort to realize on him. To accomplish this he should be admitted immediately into the fullest and most cordial fellowship by each and every member. Cultivate him; he may be worth while. Give him a chance; he probably will make good.

The ordinary experience of the new member in the smaller clubs is about as follows: He knows many of the members of the club when

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## AMONG OUR LETTERS

(Continued from preceding page)

he joins it, some of them intimately. Nearly all of the others he knows by sight or by name. At the end of several months' membership he finds that he still knows those whom he knew before. Of the others a few are very friendly and the remainder he still knows by sight or by name. None of these latter ever greets him except in a perfunctory manner, ever invites him to his table or volunteers a friendly remark. The same old groups sit together each week and enjoy the companionship of old and congenial friends. If nothing better can be done, the club might provide a table where all the members of less than a year's standing could sit together. They could at least be company for each other.

Go out of your way to be cordial to the new member. It is due to yourself and to the Rotary Club.

GEORGE L. MCCULLOCH.

Jackson, Michigan.

### "An All-World Rotary Team"

Dear ROTARIAN:

The above picture [a group of eight Rotarians representing various countries; page 35, July Number] was clipped from the July issue of THE ROTARIAN. It is the best cross-section of Rotary I ever saw. This should be named the "Eight Man All-World Rotary Team." Look at the types represented. Every club has every one of these types.

From left to right—Our new editor. You just know that he is that well-liked, soft-spoken rather husky-voiced fellow. He is always at Rotary. Always that kindly beam in his eye. Every club has him. I wonder if Vivian Carter is like the type he represents.

Next, T. C. Thomsen, Denmark. He surely was a lawyer before he became special commissioner of Rotary. The one in our club who is like him, is a lawyer. He is the kind that makes a good speech in a well-rounded, modulated voice. Never makes an enemy. Unassuming, modest, brilliant.

And then the Dominic! He's perfect. Clothes, face, hair. He could step into the movies without a tittle of make-up.

Behold the Scotchman. Thomas Stephenson. Could he be added to?

Then our own Arthur Sapp. Typical American business man. Well-dressed, well set up. An all-around fellow.

Baron Von Bethman is seen in every club all over the land every meeting day. He walks in; speaks to everyone. Everyone responds heartily. He is liked. He is the successful German in every line that has made his trade into a business service.

Oh, ho, the Canon. The eternal curate. He talks with a bass voice, just slightly through his nose. I'll bet he bends his knees when he walks. However, he has a merry twinkle in his eye and all the boys of the parish like him. Sure, he lives in every city.

If Arthur Chadwick didn't start out as a club secretary, I've missed my guess. He's that quick-stepping, lively, clever member of the club. Always busy. Should be secretary of an American Chamber of Commerce. You know, he's useful on every committee; well-liked by everyone.

Geel! I'd like to know those fellows.

D. F. BOND.

Alexandria, Louisiana.

### Service Without Sacrifice

Dear ROTARIAN:

Did we give enough heed to the suggestion of Sinclair Lewis that Rotary is an organization where men chatter about Service? The greatest service that Rotary could render to society would be to teach and to practice obedience to law. Yet that is not on our program.

It is easy to wax eloquent about international peace. It is such a lazy, comfortable way to render service. We can love our brothers in other lands without disturbing the usual course of our pleasurable existence.

It is easy to grow emotional over service to crippled children. A dollar or two a year for tickets to a minstrel show provides the funds—and there is lots of fun putting on the show. One gets a virtuous feeling at so little cost when

one sees a crippled child enabled to walk because of the work done with the crippled-children funds.

I would not, in the least, derogate from these activities, but my point is that they are minor matters and constitute service without sacrifice. To obey the law at all times requires continuous effort and is often inconvenient. Every day we deliberately disobey the law, each according to his own predilections, because we know we can get away with it. We show no respect for law, as such, and by our example we teach disrespect for constituted authority.

If the thousands of men belonging to our organization would pledge themselves to obey all the laws of their country, and make that the major function of their clubs, they would render a service that might justify some of the complacency with which we now pat ourselves on the back.

In the United States we shall continue to be a lawless nation just so long as each person assumes the prerogative of determining what laws he will obey and what ones he will ignore. If we American Rotarians, who talk so much about service, would make it our constructive program to develop respect for law by making it our rule to obey all law, we should find our example resulting in real service. If we are honest, most of us must admit that our example does not now tend for good, in that respect.

We obey the law when we find it convenient. So does the Chicago gangster.

A. M. MURFIN.

Sunnyside, Washington.

### Business Ethics

Dear ROTARIAN:

In a recent article which appeared in THE ROTARIAN, the writer forcibly pointed out that what we mainly require to tackle the object "Business Methods" is courage, moral courage. Surely all of us realize the truth of this, but should we not, before earnestly setting to work towards this goal, examine openmindedly which are the seeming obstacles to be overcome and to be eliminated from our thinking, before we can acquire the necessary moral courage.

To study business ethics, means to analyze which methods are honest, fair, and in complete agreement with the general interest, and also to expose those which are dishonest, unfair, and detrimental to the general interest.

Does this not primarily demand self-examination, which is one of the tasks man approaches with the most reluctance?

Why this reluctance?

Is it not that if in our divers businesses and professions we sincerely and faithfully examine our business methods, we are bound to find that some of them might have to be modified and that this might entail an apparent sacrifice of material gain? It is here that oftentimes the shoe will pinch and that we shall be tempted to hesitate to apply our motto of "Service before self."

Is not another stumbling block, fear, the erroneous belief that if, in the general interest, we attempt to contribute our mite to reform abusive business methods, others who thereby are liable temporarily to suffer, will be deprived of illegitimate gain, may in some way or other try to retaliate.

But, in that case, should not the example, given to all mankind by numerous reformers, who knowing that they were fighting the good fight, had to the very end confidence in the inherent power of their right endeavor.

In Rotary each club, representing the majority of the leading trades and professions of a given community, is in itself an impersonal force for good and when individually we know that our ideal is tangible, practical, and then apply it collectively, when we only have in view the good of our fellowmen, then we shall see the unreality of the seeming obstacles of self and fear and of doubt, and then will the power of our ideal be demonstrated, in and through which we shall find the courage we have lacked.

L. R. STEINMANN.

Antwerp, Belgium.



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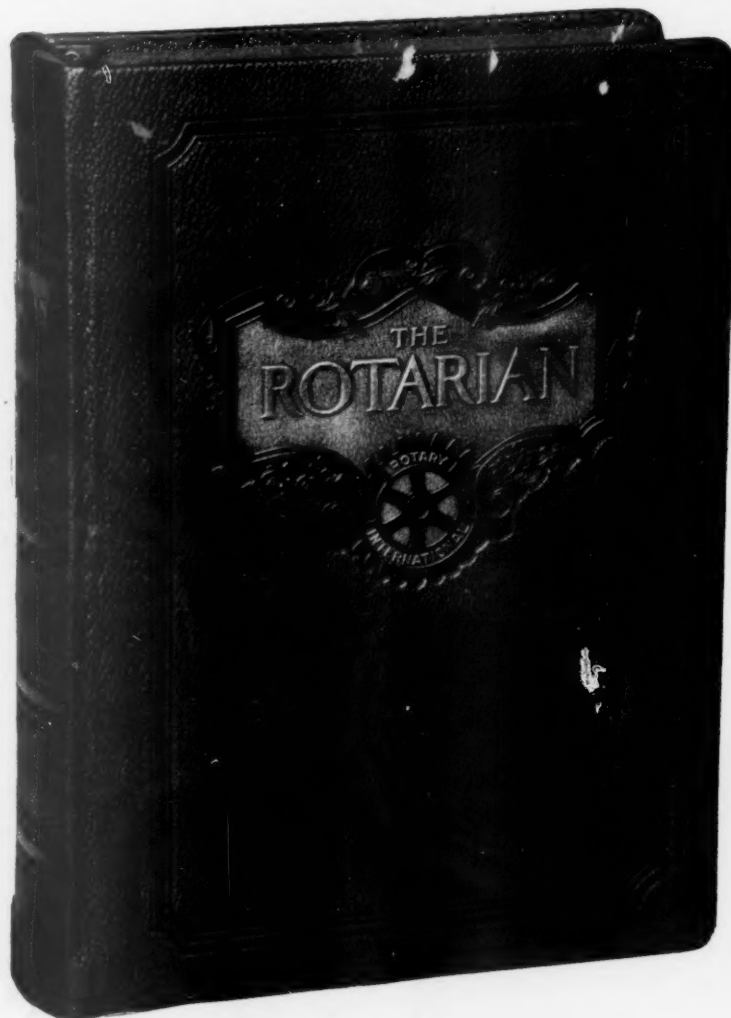
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